

MOUNT HELICON

A School Anthology of Verse

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried

—R. L. Stevenson

LONDON

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[Note — This (or any other) classification must be regarded as merely suggestive. Poems cannot be treated like stamps — some may be classified in a number of ways; others defy any attempt to label them. The only purpose of this list is to provide a framework for some interesting comparisons, which may be made, it might be altered or extended indefinitely.]

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MOUNT HELICON

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love

2

MOUNT HELICON

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love

SIR WALTER RALEGH

The Nymph's Reply

If all the World and Love were young,
And truth in every Shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy Love

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields,
To wayward winter reckoning yields
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break! soon wither! soon forgotten!
In folly ripe, in reason rotten!

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy Love!

But could Youth last, and Love still heed;
Had Joys no date, nor Age no need
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy Love!

EDMUND SPENSER

The Seasons

SPRING

So forth issued the Seasons of the year;
 First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
 That freshly budded and new blooms did bear,
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowers
 That sweetly sung to call forth paramours,
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
 A gilt engraven morion he did wear,
 That as some did him love, so others did him fear

SUMMER

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
 That was unlined all, to be more light
 And on his head a garland well beseen
 He wore, from which as he had chafed been,
 The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
 A bow and shafts as he in forest green
 Had hunted late the leopard or the boar
 And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore

AUTUMN

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
 As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh full glad
 That he had banished hunger, which to fore
 Had by the belly oft him pinched sore
 Upon his head a wreath that was enrolled
 With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
 And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
 To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had
 yold

MOUNT HELICON

WINTER

Lastly came Winter clothed all in freize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
 As from a limbeck did adown distil
 In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still ;
 For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld ,
 That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld

(From The Faerie Queen.)

Sweet and Sour

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brier ,
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough ,
 Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh neal ,
 Sweet is the fir-bloom but his branches rough ,
 Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough ,
 Sweet is the nut but bitter is his pill
 Sweet is the broom flower but yet sour enough ,
 And sweet is moly but his root is ill
 So every sweet with sour is tempered still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more
 For easy things that may be got at will ,
 Most sorts of men do set but little store
 Why then should I account of little pain ,
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gain ?

SIR EDWARD DYER

My Mind to me a Kingdom is
 My mind to me a kingdom is .
 Such present joys therein I find ,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind

Though much I want which most would have
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,

 No force to win the victory

No wily wit to salve a sore

 No shape to feed a loving eye—

To none of these I yield as thrall

For why? My mind doth serve for all

I see how plenty surfeits oft,

 And hasty climbers soon do fall.

I see that those which are aloft

 Mishap doth threaten most of all

They get with toil, they keep with fear;

Such cares my mind could never bear

Content to live this is my stay

 I seek no more than may suffice,

I press to bear no haughty sway

 Look what I lack my mind supplies

Lo! thus I triumph like a king,

Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much yet still do crave,

 I little have, and seek no more

They are but poor though much they have,

 And I am rich with little store

They poor, I rich, they beg I give,

They lack, I leave they pine, I live

I laugh not at another's loss

 I grudge not at another's gain,

No worldly waves my mind can toss,

 My state at one doth still remain

I fear no foe, I fawn no friend

 I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will,
 Their treasure is their only trust,
 A cloaked craft their store of skill
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
 My conscience clear my chief defence;
 I neither seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by deceit to breed offence
 Thus do I live, thus will I die,
 Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Fairies' Songs

I.

OVER hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood thorough fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green.
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots you see,
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours

II

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen,

Newts and blind worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen
 Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh
 So, good-night, with lullaby

Weaving spiders come not here
 Hence, you long legged spinners, hence!
 Beetles black, approach not near,
 Worm nor snail, do no offence
 Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby;
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh:
 So, good night, with lullaby

(From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*)

Ariel's Songs

I.

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands
 Court sied when you have and kissed
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it feately here and there,
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark!

Bow-wow.

The watch dogs bark

Bow-a-ow.

MOUNT HELICON

II

WHERE the bee sucks, there sack I,
 In a cowslip's bell I lie
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

(From *The Tempest*')

Amens' Songs

I

UNDER the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to lie in the sun
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

II

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude,

Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly .
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho !, etc

(From 'As You Like It')

Mercy

THE quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath it is twice blest,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown,
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself ,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice

(From 'The Merchant of Venice')

The Seven Ages of Man

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players.
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms
 And then the whining school boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and shipper'd pantaloon
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childhood and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything

(From *As You Like It*)

England

THIS royal throne of kings, thus sceptred isle
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

For he to day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition—
 And gentlemen in England now abed
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
 And hold their manhood cheap whilcs any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day

(From 'Henry V')

Mark Antony's Speech

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him
 The evil that men do lives after them
 The good is oft interred with their bones,
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious,
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
 For Brutus is an honourable man
 So are they all, all honourable men—
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
 But Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an honourable man
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept,
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an honourable man
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ,
 And, sure, he is an honourable man
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ,
 But here I am to speak what I do know
 You all did love him once, not without cause
 What cause withdraws you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgement ! thou art fled to brutish beasts
 And men have lost their reason Bear with me ,
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cesar ,
 And I must pause till it come back to me

(From *Julius Caesar*)

To thine own self be true

THERE, my blessing with thee !

And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character Give thy thoughts no tongue
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ,
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried ,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ,
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in ,
 Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement .
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy ,
 But not expressed in fancy , rich not gaudy ,
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man ,
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous, chief in that
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man

(From 'Hamlet')

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 LET me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ,
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved

(Sonnet CXVI)

MICHAEL DRAYTON

To the Virginian Voyage

You brave heroic minds,
 Worthy your country's name ;
 That honour still pursue,
 Go, and subdue ;
 Whilst loitering hinds
 Lurk here at home, with shame.

Britons, you stay too long,
 Quickly aboard bestow you,
 And with a merry gale
 Swell your stretched sail,
 With vows as strong
 As the winds that blow you

Your course securely steer,
 West and by south forth keep,
 Rocks, lee shores, nor shoals,
 When *Æolus* scowls,
 You need not fear,
 So absolute the deep

And cheerfully at sea
 Success you still entice,
 To get the pearl and gold,
 And ours to hold
 Virginia,
 Earth's only Paradise

Where Nature hath in store
 Fowl venison, and fish,
 And the fruitfullest soil,
 Without your toil,
 Three harvests more
 All greater than your wish

And the ambitious vine
 Crowns with his purple mass
 The cedar reaching high
 To kiss the sky,
 The cypress pine
 And useful sassafras

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
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The cypress, pine
And useful sassafras

To whom the Golden Age
Still Nature's laws doth give,
No other cares attend,
But them to defend
From Winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand,

In looking of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
O you the happiest men
Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar
Frighting the wide heaven.

Thy voyages attend
 Industrious Hakluyt
 Whose reading shall inflame
 Men to seek fame
 And much commend
 To after times thy wit.

THOMAS CAMPION

The Man of Life Upright

THE man of life upright
 Whose guiltless heart is free
 From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity,

The man whose silent days
 In harmless joys are spent,
 Whom hopes cannot delude
 Nor sorrow discontent—

That man needs neither towers
 Nor armour for defence
 Nor secret vaults to fly
 From thunder's violence

He only can behold
 With unaffrighted eyes
 The horrors of the deep
 And terrors of the skies

Thus scorning all the cares
 That fate or fortune brings
 He makes the heaven his book,
 His wisdom heavenly things

Good thoughts his only friends,
 His wealth a well spent age,
 The earth his sober man
 And quiet pilgrimage

SIR HENRY WOTTON

The Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will,
 Whose armour is his honest thought
 And simple truth his utmost skill,
 Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame, or private breath,
 Who envies none that chance doth raise
 Nor vice, who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,
 Nor rules of state but rules of good,
 Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great,
 Who God doth, late and early, pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend!
 Thus man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall—
 Lord of himself, though not of lands—
 And having nothing, yet hath all

BEN JONSON

Hymn to Diana

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair
 State in wonted manner keep :
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ,
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close ;
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver ;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever,
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright

To Celia

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ,
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

MOUNT HELICON

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee

ROBERT HERRICK

To Daffodils

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon,
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained its noon.

Stay, stay
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again

To Blossoms

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last

What! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave;
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you awhile, they glide
 Into the grave

GEORGE HERBERT

Virtue

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to night,
 For thou must die

Sweet rose! whose angry hue and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in the grave,
 And thou must die

MOUNT HELICON

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives,
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives

JAMES SHIRLEY

Death the Leveller

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things.
 There is no armour against fate,
 Death lays his icy hand on kings
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, poor captives, creep to death

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor victim bleeds

Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb,
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust

JOHN MILTON

An Epitaph on Shakespeare

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
 The labour of an age in piled stones?
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
 Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
 What need st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument
 For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die

On his Blindness

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide;

MOUNT HELICON

' Doth God exact day labour, light denied ? '
 I fondly ask, but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies God doth not need
 Either man's work or His own gifts, who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best His state
 Is kingly thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
 They also serve who only stand and wait '

Fame

ALAS ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Wcre it not better done as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days,
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin spun life ' But not the praise,'
 Phœbus replied and touched my trembling ears,
 ' Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all judging Jove,
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed '

(From *Lycidas*')

The Garden of Eden

In this pleasant soil

His far more pleasant garden God ordained ;
 Out of the fertile ground He caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold ; and next to Life
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Passed underneath ingulfed ; for God had thrown
 That mountain as His garden mould, high raised
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden, thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears ;
 And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account ;
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unperced shade
 Imbrowned the noon tide bow'rs. Thus was this place

Doth God exact day labour light denied ?
 I fondly ask but Patience to prevent
 That murmur soon replies God doth not need
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 The open field, and where the unpierced shade
 Imbrowned the noontide bow'rs Thus was this place

A happy rural seat of various view
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
 Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant meanwhile murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams
 The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on th' eternal Spring

(From 'Paradise Lost')

Speech of Eve to Adam

SWEET is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew, fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild, then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train

But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet

(From 'Paradise Lost')

The Death of Samson

A Messenger Speaks

OCCASIONS drew me early to this city,
 And as the gates I entered with sunrise,
 The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
 Through each high street Little I had dispatched,
 When all abroad was rumoured, that this day
 Samson should be brought forth to show the people,
 Proof of his mighty strength in feasts and games,
 I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
 Not to be absent at that spectacle
 The building was a spacious theatre,
 Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
 With seats, where all the lords and each degree
 Of sort might sit in order to behold,
 The other side was open where the throng
 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
 I among these aloof obscurely stood
 The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
 Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and
 wine,
 When to their sports they turned Immediately
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,
 In their state livery clad, before him pipes
 And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,

A happy rural seat of various view
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
 Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste
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 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train

Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this, but each Philistine city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast
 Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
 Pulled down the same destruction on himself

(From 'Samson Agonistes')

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

A Ballad upon a Wedding

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen
 O, things without compare!
 Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground
 Be it at wake or fair

At Charing Cross, hard by the way,
 Where we (thou know st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs,
 And there did I see, coming down,
 Such folks as are not in our town,
 Forty at least, in pairs

Among the rest, one pest'lent fine
 (His beard no bigger, tho', than thine)
 Walked on before the rest
 Our landlord looks like nothing to him,
 The King (God bless him) 't would undo him,
 Should he go still so drest

Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed,
All with incredible stupendous force.
None daring to appear antagonist
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars, he his guide requested,
For so from such as nearer stood we heard,
As over tired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support
He, unsuspecting, led him, which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud
' Hitherto lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold '
Thus uttered, straining all his nerves he bowed
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,

Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this, but each Philistine city round,
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MOUNT HELICON

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing,

The parson for him stayed
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitsun ale

Could ever yet produce,
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring,

It was too wide a peck
And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,

As if they feared the light
But O she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison

(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are in a Catharine pear
The side that's next the sun

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly),
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey,
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up like our trained band,
Presented, and away

When all the meat was on the table
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick
And when t was named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

On the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance,
Then dance again and kiss
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his

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Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage :
He gave us this eternal Spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows
He makes the figs our mouths to meet
And throws the melons at our feet,
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land ,
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay !'

—Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note
And all the way, to gude their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time

RICHARD CRASHAW

The Shepherds' Song

WE saw thee in thy balmy nest,
 Young dawn of our eternal day ;
 We saw thine eyes break from the east,
 And chase the trembling shades away
 We saw thee, and we blessed the sight ;
 We saw thee by thine own sweet light

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
 To entertain this starry stranger ?
 Is this the best thou canst bestow —
 A cold and not too cleanly manger ?
 Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
 To fit a bed for this huge birth

Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
 And let the mighty babe alone,
 The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest,
 Love's architecture is his own
 The Babe whose birth embraves this morn,
 Made His own bed ere He was born

(From 'A Hymn of the Nativity')

ANDREW MARVELL

Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
 In the ocean's bosom unespied
 From a small boat that rowed along
 The listening winds received this song
 ' What should we do but sing His praise
 That led us through the watery maze

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries 'Hark! the foes come,
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat !'

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation
 Depth of pains, and height of passion
 For the fair disdainful dame

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees unrooted left their place
 Sequacious of the lyre
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher
 When to her Organ vocal breath was given
 An Angel heard, and straight appeared—
 Mistaking Earth for Heaven

MOUNT HELICON

JOHN DRYDEN

On Milton

THREE Poets, in three distant Ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn
 The first, in loftiness of thought surpassed,
 The next, in majesty, in both, the last
 The force of Nature could no further go
 To make a Third, she joined the former Two

Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony

Thus universal frame began

When Nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay

And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

Anse, ye more than dead !

Then cold and hot and moist and dry

In order to their stations leap,

And Music's power obey

From harmony, from heavenly harmony

This universal frame began

From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in Man

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

When Jubal struck the chorded shell

His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell

To worship that celestial sound

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell

That spoke so sweetly and so well

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old

(From 'Windsor Forest')

Character of Atticus

PEACE to all such ! but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ,
 Blest with each talent and each art to please
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ,
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ,
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ,
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ,
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged ,
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ,
 While wits and templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
 Who but must laugh if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

(From the 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot')

The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmur'ring in his ear
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed
 The limbs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bards the tiger lead,
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongues shall innocently play.

(From 'The Messiah')

Thy Trees, Fair Windsor

THY trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their woods,
 And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day,
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole :
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral reddens, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
 And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold

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(*From the 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot'*)

THOMAS GRAY

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the ghmming landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tunklings lull the distant folds ,

Save that from yonder ivy mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt ring from the straw built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ,
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long drawn aisles and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade , nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined .
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ,
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
 The place of fane and elegy supply,
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonoured Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love

' One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree,
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

 ' The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send ;
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n (twas all he wished) a friend*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God*

WILLIAM COLLINS

Ode

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blessed !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ,
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

Dirge for Fidele

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing Spring

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove :
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love

No withered witch shall here be seen ;
 No goblins lead their nighty crew
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The redbreast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid ,
 With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell ,
 Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed ,
 Beloved till life can charm no more,
 And mourned till Pity's self be dead

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

An Elegy on that glory of her sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise

The needy seldom passed her door,
 And always found her kind,
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind

She strove the neighbourhood to please
 With manners wondrous winning,
 And never followed wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning

At church, in silks and satins new,
 With hoops of monstrous size,
 She never slumbered in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more,
 The king himself has followed her—
 When she has walked before

But now, her wealth and finery fled
 Her hangers on cut short all
 The doctors found, when she was dead,
 Her last disorder mortal

Let us lament, in sorrow sore—
 For Kent Street well may say,
 That, had she lived a twelvemonth more,
 She had not died to day

The Village Preacher

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place,
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour,
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain,
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast,
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed,
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were
 won

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe,
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side,
 But in his duty, prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all,
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,

He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran,
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed,
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head

(From 'The Deserted Village')

The Village Schoolmaster

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school,
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew,
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face,

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault
 The village all declared how much he knew,
 'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,
 While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame The very spot,
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot

(From 'The Deserted Village')

WILLIAM COWPER

The Loss of the 'Royal George'

TOLL for the brave,
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave
 Fast by their native shore!
 Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side
 A land breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset,
 Down went the *Royal George*,
 With all her crew complete!

Sage beneath a spreading oak,
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage and full of grief.

' Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues

' Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt,
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt

' Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states,
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

' Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name,
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame

' Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command

' Regions Cæsar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway,
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow
 Rushed to battle, fought, and died ;
 Dying, hurled them at the foe

' Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due :
 Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you '

To Mary

THE twentieth year is well-nigh past
 Since first our sky was overcast,
 Ah would that this might be the last !

My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see thee daily weaker grow—
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
 My Mary !

Thy needles once a shining store,
 For my sake restless heretofore,
 Now rust disused, and shine no more ;
 My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldest fulfil
 The same kind office for me still,
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
 My Mary !

But well thou play dst the housewife's part,
 And all thy threads with magic art
 Have wound themselves about this heart,
 My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
 Like language uttered in a dream ,
 Yet me they charm, whate er the theme,
 My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
 Are still more lovely in my sight
 Than golden beams of orient light,
 My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,
 What sight worth seeing could I see ?
 The sun would rise in vain for me,
 My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline
 Thy hands their little force resign ,
 Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
 My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov st
 That now at every step thou mov st
 Upheld by two , yet still thou lov st,
 My Mary !

And still to love though prest with ill,
 In wintry age to feel no chill
 With me is to be lovely still,
 My Mary !

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 My Mary !

And still to love, though prest with ill,
 In wintry age to feel no chill,
 With me is to be lovely still,
 My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know
 How oft the sadness that I show
 Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
 My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
 With much resemblance of the past,
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last—
 My Mary !

JOHN LOGAN

To the Cuckoo

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of Spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome ring

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another Spring to hail

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear,
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No Winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee ;
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the Spring

GEORGE CRABBE

Late Autumn

THAT evening all in fond discourse was spent,
 When the sad lover to his chamber went,
 To think on what had passed, to grieve and to repent :
 Early he rose, and looked with many a sigh
 On the red light that filled the eastern sky,
 Oft had he stood before, alert and gay,
 To hail the glories of the new-born day .
 But now dejected, languid, listless, low,
 He saw the wind upon the water blow,
 And the cold stream curled onward as the gale
 From the pine-hill blew harshly down the dale ,
 On the right side the youth a wood surveyed,
 With all its dark intensity of shade ,
 Where the rough wind alone was heard to move,
 In this, the pause of nature and of love,
 When now the young are reared, and when the old,
 Lost to the tie, grow negligent and cold—
 Far to the left he saw the huts of men,
 Half hid in mist, that hung upon the fen ;
 Before him swallows, gathering from the sea,
 Took their short flights, and twittered on the lea ;

But ah ! by constant heed I know
 How oft the sadness that I show
 Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
 My Mary !

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 Starts the new voice of Spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay

What time the pet puts on the bloom,
 Thou flest thy vocal vale
 An annual guest in other lands,
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 Half hid in mist, that hung upon the fen ;
 Before him swallows gathering from the sea,
 Took their short flights and twittered on the lea ;

And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest done,
 And slowly blackened in the sickly sun;
 All these were sad in nature, or they took
 Sadness from him, the likeness of his look,
 And of his mind—he pondered for a while,
 Then met his Fanny with a borrowed smile

WILLIAM BLAKE

The Tiger

TIGER, Tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burned that fire within thine eyes?
 On what wings dared he aspire?
 What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 When thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
 Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
 What the anvil? What dread grasp
 Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see?
 Did he who made the lamb make thee?

To Spring

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
 Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
 Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
 Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring !

The hills tell each other, and the listening
 Valleys hear, all our longing eyes are turned
 Up to thy bright pavilions issue forth,
 And let thy holy feet visit our clime !

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
 Kiss thy perfumed garments, let us taste
 Thy morn and evening breath, scatter thy pearls
 Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee

Oh deck her forth with thy fair fingers, pour
 Thy soft kisses on her bosom, and put
 Thy golden crown upon her languished head,
 Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee !

Song

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
 And tasted all the summer's pride,
 Till I the Prince of Love beheld
 Who in the sunny beams did glide

He showed me lilles for my hair,
 And blushing roses for my brow,
 He led me through his gardens fair
 Where all his golden pleasures grow

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
 And Phœbus fired my vocal rage,
 He caught me in his silken net,
 And shut me in his golden cage

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
 Then laughing, sports and plays with me,
 Then stretches out my golden wing,
 And mocks my loss of liberty

The Building of Jerusalem

AND did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountains green?
 And was the holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
 Bring me my arrows of desire!
 Bring me my spear O clouds, unfold!
 Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant land

ROBERT BURNS

My heart's in the Highlands
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here
 My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer,
 A chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North !
 The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ,
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow !
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below !
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods !
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods !
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ,
 My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer ,
 A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go

For a' that and a' that

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that ,
 The rank is but the guinea stamp ,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear holdin grey, and a' that ,
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ,
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is King o' men for a' that

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 Should bear the gree,¹ and a' that
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that

¹ Prize

Mary Morison

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That make the miser's treasure poor
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,¹
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison

Yestreen when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,—
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw.

¹ Dust

Tho' this was *fur*, and that was *braw*,
 And yon the toast o' the town,
 I sighed, and said amang them a',
 'Ye are na Mary Morison'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown,
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison

O my Luve's like a red, red rose

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June
 O my Luve's like the melody
 That's sweetly played in tune,

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
 I will luve thee still, my dear
 While the sands o' life shall run

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
 And fare thee weel awhile!
 And I will come again my Luve,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile

The Cotter's Saturday Night

THE cheerfu' supper done wi' serious face

They round the ingle form a circle wide,

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace

The big ha' Bible ance his father's pride

His bonnet reverently is laid aside

His lyart haffets¹ wearing thin an bare,

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

He wales² a portion with judicious care,

And Let us worship God! he says, with solemn air

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,

They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim

Perhaps Dundee's wild warhing measures rise,

Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,

Or noble Elgin heets the heavenward flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays

Compared with these, Italian trills are tame,

The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise,

Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise

The priest like father reads the sacred page

How Abram was the friend of God on high,

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage

With Amalek's ungracious progeny

Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie

Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire,

Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire

Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed,

How He who bore in Heaven the second name,

Had not on earth whereon to lay His head,

¹ Grey locks

² Chooses

How His first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land
 How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'l'on's doom pronounced by
 Heaven's command

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
 That thus they all shall meet in future days
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way,
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace and sweet content!
 And, Oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile,
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while
 And stand a wall of fire around their much loved Isle

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² Chooses

Bannockburn

(Robert Bruce's Address to His Army)

SCOTS wha hae wi Wallace bled
 Scots wham Bruce has often led,
 Welcome to your gory bed
 Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day and now's the hour
 See the front o' battle lower
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Free man stand or free-man fa?
 Caledonian! on wi me!

By oppression's woes and pains
 By your sons in servile chains
 We will drain our dearest veins
 But they shall they shall be free!

Lay the pro
 Tyrants fall in usurpers low
 Liberty's in every blo'Y foe
 Forward! let us do dY

Auld Lang Syne

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne ?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,¹
 And surely I'll be mine !
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne
 For auld, etc

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
 And pou'd the gowans fine ,
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne
 For auld, etc

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine ,
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared
 Sin' auld lang syne
 For auld, etc

And there's a hand, my trusty friend ²
 And gies a hand o' thine !
 And we'll tak a right guid willie waught,³
 For auld lang syne
 For auld, etc

¹ Pint jug² Friend³ Draught

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The Daffodils

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vale and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils !
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
 Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle in the Milky Way,
 They stretched in never ending line
 Along the margin of a bay
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance
 The waves beside them danced but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee,
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company,
 I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought
 For oft when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils

To the Cuckoo

O BLITHE new comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice,
 O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to, that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love—
Still longed for, never seen

And I can listen to thee yet—
Can he upon the plain
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery place
That is fit home for thee

The Solitary Reaper

BEHOLD her sing^{le} in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself,
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain
 O listen ! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound

No nightingale did ever chant
 So sweetly to reposing bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt
 Among Arabian sands ,
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old unhappy far off things
 And battles long ago ,
 Or is it some more humble lay
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some actual sorrow, loss or pain
 That has been and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ,
 I saw her singing at her work
 And over the sickle bending
 I listened till I had my fill ,
 And when I mounted up the hill ,
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more

Character of the Happy Warrior

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright.
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care,
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate,
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice,
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more, more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness
'Tis he whose law is reason: who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends,
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:

Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire
And in himself possess his own desire,
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim,
And, therefore, does not stoop, nor he in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state,
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace,
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw,
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes,
Sweet images¹ which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart, and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve,
More brave for this, that he hath much to love
'Tis, finally, "the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,
Who with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,

Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be won
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray,
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self surpast
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must go to dust without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name,
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause,
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.
 This is the happy warrior, this is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be

Ode to Duty

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe,
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them, who, in love and truth
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work, and know it not
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them
 cast

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now who, not unwise bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed
 Yet seek thy firm support according to their need

I loving freedom and untried,
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust,
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate I deferred
 The task in smoother walks to stray,
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may

Through no disturbance of my soul
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control,
 But in the quietness of thought
 Me this unchartered freedom tires,
 I feel the weight of chance-desires
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace,
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
 And fragrance in thy footing treads
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong
 And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee are
 fresh and strong

To humbler functions, awful Power !
 I call thee I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 Oh let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ,
 The confidence of reason give ,
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live.

Sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge

EARTH has not anything to show more fair ,
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty ,
 This city now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning , silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The River glideth at his own sweet will ,
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still

London, 1802

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour ;
 England hath need of thee She is a fen
 Of stagnant waters , altar, sword, and pen,
 Fire-side, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness We are selfish men ,
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again,

And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free
 So didst thou travel on life's common way
 In cheerful godliness, and yet thy heart
 The lowest duties on herself did lay

Sonnet

IT is not to be thought of that the flood
 Of British freedom which to the open sea
 Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'
 Roused though it be full often to a mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
 That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish, and to evil, and to good
 Be lost for ever In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible knights of old
 We must be free or die who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held In everything we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold

JAMES HOGG

The Skylark

BIRD of the wilderness
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness
 Blest is thy dwelling-place,
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud;
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth
 Where on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be,
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling place,
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Breathes there the Man with Soul so dead
 BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well.
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell,
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,
 Think what is now, and what has been.
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
 And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way ;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek ,
 Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The Bard may draw his parting groan

(From 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel')

Rosabelle

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !
 No haughtyfeat of arms I tell ;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle

' Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
 And, gentle lady, deign to stay !
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

' The blackening wave is edged with white ;
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly,
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

' Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch,
 Why cross the gloomy firth to day ? '

' 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
 To night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my lady mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle hall

' 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide
 If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle '

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
 'Twas broader than the watchfire's light,
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen :

'Twas seen from Dryden's grove of oak,
And seen from caverned Ilwthornden

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Robin's chief unconfined lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pile,
Shone every pillar foliage bound
And glimmered ill the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair:
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clur

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle.
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle,

And each Sunt Clur was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell,
But the sea caves rang, and the wild waves sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er
SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of wailing

In our isle's enchanted hall
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! the chase is done,
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé
 Sleep! the deer is in his den,
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay dying
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye
 Here no bugles sound reveillé.

Jock of Hazeldean

' Why weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
 Why weep ye by the tide ?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye shall be his bride,
 And ye shall be his bride ladie,
 Sae comely to be seen'—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean

' Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley dale,
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen'—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean

' A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair,
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair,
 And you the foremost o' them a',
 Shall ride our forest queen'—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmered fair,
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there
 They sought her baith by bower and ha',
 The ladie was not seen !
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean

Gathering Song of Donald the Black

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,

Pibroch of Donuil,

Wake thy wild voice anew,

Summon Clan Conuil

Come away, come away,

Hark to the summons !

Come in your war array,

Gentles and commons

Come from deep glen, and

From mountain so rocky ;

The war-pipe and pennon

Are at Inverlochy

Come every hill plaid, and

True heart that wears one,

Come every steel blade, and

Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,

The flock without shelter ;

Leave the corpse uninterred,

The bride at the altar ,

Leave the deer, leave the steer,

Leave nets and barges

Come with your fighting gear,

Broadswords and targes

Come as the winds come, when

Forests are rended,

Come as the waves come, when

Navies are stranded

Faster come, faster come,

Faster and faster,

Chief, vassal, page and groom,

Tenant and master

Fast they come, fast they come,
 See how they gather !
 Wide waves the eagle plume
 Blended with heather
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set !
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset !

Sound, sound the clarion

SOUND sound the clarion, fill the fife !
 To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name

(From 'Old Mortality')

Rebecca's Hymn

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved
 An awful gude in smoke and flame,
 By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow,
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and tumbrel answered keen,
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays
 With priest's and warrior's voice between
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own

But present still, though now unseen !

When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen

To temper the deceitful ray

And oh, when stoops on Judah's path

In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,

A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,

The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,

And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn
But Thou hast said The blood of goat,

The flesh of rams, I will not prize,
A contrite heart, a humble thought,

Are Mine accepted sacrifice

(From *Ivanhoe*.)

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Kubla Khan

IN XANADU DID KUBLA KHAN

A STATELY PLEASURE-DOME DECREE

WHERE ALPH, THE SACRED RIVER, RAN

THROUGH CAVERNS MEASURLESS TO MAN

DOWN TO A SUNLESS SEA

SO TWICE FIVE MILES OF FERTILE GROUND

WITH WALLS AND TOWERS WERE GURDLED ROUND

AND THERE WERE GARDENS BRIGHT WITH SINUOUS RILLS

WHERE BLOSSOMED MANY AN INCENSE-BEARING TREE ;

AND HERE WERE FORESTS ANCIENT AS THE HILLS,

ENFOLDING SUNNY SPOTS OF GREENERY

Fast they come, fast they come,
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume
 Blended with heather
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pi-broch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset!

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A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are Mine accepted sacrifice

(From 'Ivanhoe')

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Kubla Khan

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree .
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round .
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery .

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon lover !
 And from this chasm with ceaseless turmoil seething
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing
 A mighty fountain momently was forced
 Amid whose swift half intermittent burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail
 And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momently the sacred river
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean
 And mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Fleeted midway on the waves
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves
 It was a miracle of rare device
 A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice !
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw
 It was an Abyssinian maid
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song
 To such a deep delight twould win me
 That with music loud and long
 I would build that dome in air

That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

The Scholar

My days among the Dead are passed;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old
 My never failing friends are they
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe,
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude

My thoughts are with the dead, with them
 I live in long past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead, anon
 My place with them will be,
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity;
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

The Battle of Hohenlinden

ON Linden when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each warrior drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery

And redder yet those fires shall glow
 On Linden's hills of blood stained snow,
 And bloodier yet shall be the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly

'Tis morn ! but scarce yon lurid sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens On, ye brave
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !
 Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave
 And charge with all thy chivalry

Few, few shall part, where many meet,
 The snow shall be their winding sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

The Battle of the Baltic

I.

Of Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold, determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on

II.

Like leviathans afloat
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 As they drifted on their path,

Ye Mariners of England

YE mariners of England
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep
 While the stormy tempests blow ,
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep
 While the stormy tempests blow ,
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 No towers along the steep
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves
 Her home is on the deep
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore
 When the stormy tempests blow ,
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart
 And the star of peace return
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow,
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow,
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow !

THOMAS MOORE

A Canadian Boat-Song

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St Anne's our parting hymn
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past !

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon
 Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
 Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past !

The Last Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone,
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone,
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 To give sigh for sigh

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem,
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gem drop away
 When true hearts lie withered
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

Miriam's Song

SOUND the loud trumpet o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!
 Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is broken
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—

How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud tumbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of
glory

And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide
Sound the loud tumbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea.
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw—within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom—
An angel, writing in a book of gold
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men'

The angel wrote and vanished The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest

The Grasshopper and the Cricket

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ,

Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine, both though small are
 strong

At your clear hearts , and both seem given to earth
 To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
 Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth

A Rondeau

JENNY kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
 Time you thief ! who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in
 Say I'm weary say I'm sad
 Say that health and wealth have missed me ,
 Say I'm growing old but add—
 Jenny kissed me !

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

Lachin y Gair

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses !

In you let the minions of luxury rove

Restore me the rocks where the snow flake reposes

Though still they are sacred to freedom and love

Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,

Round their white summits though clements war ,
Though cataracts foam stead of smooth-flowing foun-
tains,

I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr

Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wandercd ,

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ,
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,

As gaily I strode through the pine covered glade ,
I sought not my home till the day s dying glory

Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ,
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,

Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr

‘ Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices

Rise on the night rolling breath of the gale ? ’

Surely the soul of the hero rejoices

And rides on the wind, o er his own Highland vale
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,

Winter presides in his cold icy car

Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers

They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr

‘ Ill starred, though brave did no visions foreboding

Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ? ’

Ah ! were you destined to die at Culloden,

Victory crowned not your fall with applause

The stranger, slave, or savage, their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests, in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving,—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible, even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made, each zone
 Obey's thee, thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone

(From 'Childs Harold's Pilgrimage')

Song of the Corsairs

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
 Survey our empire, and behold our home !
 These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
 Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey
 Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
 From toil to rest, and joy in every change
 Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave !
 Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave,
 Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease !
 Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
 Oh, who can tell save he whose heart hath tried
 And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
 The exulting sense—the pulses maddening play,
 That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way ?

That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
 And turn what some deem danger to delight,
 That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
 And where the feebler faint—can only feel—
 Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
 Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
 No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
 Save that it seems even duller than repose
 Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
 When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife?
 Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,
 Cling to his couch, and sicken years away,
 Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
 Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed
 While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
 Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
 His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
 And they who loathed his life may gild his grave;
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
 For us, even banquets fond regret supply
 In the red cup that crowns our memory
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
 When those who win at length divide the prey,
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
 'How had the brave who fell exulted now!'

(From 'The Corsair')

The Isles of Greece

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse :
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' ' Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free ,
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou ,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

"Tis something in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no,—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, 'Let one living head,
 But one, arise,—we come, we come!'
 'Tis but the living who are dumb

In vain—in vain strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anacreon's song divine
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant, but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend
That tyrant was Miltiades !

O that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore
 And there perhaps some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells ,
 In native swords and native ranks
 The only hope of courage dwells
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud
 Would break your shield however broad

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine
 But gazing on each glowing maid
 My own the burning tear drop laves
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep
 Where nothing save the waves and I
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep
 There swan like let me sing and die
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down you cup of Samian wine !

CHARLES WOLFE

The Burial of Sir John Moore

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him :
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the bollow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
 But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring.
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was suddenly firing

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The Cloud

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams,
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast,
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits
 Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genn that move
 In the depths of the purple sea

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleecy-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these
 I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky,
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph ;
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it agam.

To a Skylark

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest

Like a cloud of fire,

The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

In the golden lightning

Of the sunken sun,

Over which clouds are bright'ning,

Thou dost float and run,

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun

The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight;

Like a star of heaven

In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight

Keen as are the arrows

Of that silver sphere,

Whose intense lamp narrows

In the white dawn clear

Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there,

All the earth and air

With thy voice is loud,

As when night is bare

From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-flowed.

What thou art we know not;

What is most like thee?

From rainbow clouds there flow not

Drops so bright to see,

As from thy presence showers a rain of melody

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering un beholden
 Its aernal hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
 view.

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
 thieves

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bud,
 What sweet thoughts are thine,
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?

What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?

What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
 pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee

Thou lovest but ne'er knew love's sad satiety

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream

Or could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not
 Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate and pride and fear,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear

I know not how thy joy we ever should come near

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,

Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know
 Such harmonious madness
 From thy lips would flow,

The world should listen then, as I am listening now

Stanzas from 'Adonais'

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead !

O weep for Adonais ! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow, say—'With me
 Died Adonais, till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fate and name shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity !'

O weep for Adonais—he is dead !

Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep !
 Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep,
 For he is gone where all things wise and fair
 Descend O dream not that the amorous Deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air !

Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our
 despair

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,

He came, and bought, with price of purest breath,
 A grave among the Eternal—Come away!
 Haste! while the vault of blue Italian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel roof· while still
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay
 Awake him not! Surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
 Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
 The actors or spectators? Great and mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must
 borrow
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to
 sorrow

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of life—
 Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings—we decay
 Like corpses in a charnel fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living
 clay

He has outsoared the shadow of our night
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight
 Can touch him not and torture not again
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain

He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain,
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he.
 Mourn not for Adonais—Thou young Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone,
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains and thou Air,
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird:
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
 Which wields the world with never wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling
 there
 All new successions to the forms they wear,
 Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's
 light

The World's Great Age begins anew

THE world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn
 Heaven smiles and faiths and empires gleam
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains

From waves screener far
 A new Peneus rolls his fountains
 Against the morning stir
 Where fairer Tempes bloom there sleep
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,

Fraught with a later prize
 Another Orpheus sings again
 And loves and weeps and dies,
 A new Ulysses leaves once more
 Calypso for his native shore

Oh ! write no more the Tale of Troy,

If earth Death's scroll must be !
 Nor mix with Laiian rage the joy
 Which dawns upon the free
 Although a subtler Sphinx renew
 Riddles of death Thebes never knew

Another Athens shall arise

And to remoter time
 Bequeath like sunset to the skies
 The splendour of its prime
 And leave if naught so bright may live,
 All earth can take or heaven can give

Saturn and Love their long repose
 Shall burst more bright and good
 Than all who fell, than one who rose,
 Than many unsubdued
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
 But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
 Cease! must men kill and die?
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy
 The world is weary of the past,
 Oh might it die or rest at last!

(From 'Hellas')

When the Lamp is shattered

WHEN the lamp is shattered
 The light in the dust lies dead—
 When the cloud is scattered
 The rainbow's glory is shed
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remembered not,
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot

As music and splendour
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell

When hearts have once mingled
 Love first leaves the well built nest,
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possest
 O Love! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
 As the storms rock the ravens on high
 Bright reason will mock thee,
 Like the sun from a wintry sky
 From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home
 Leave the naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall and cold winds come

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Thanatopsis

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language, for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,

And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course, nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between,
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green, and, poured round
all,
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom—Take the wings
 Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there.
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone
 So shalt thou rest and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favourite phantom, yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
 The speechless babe, and the grey-headed man—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

JOHN KEATS

A Thing of Beauty

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er darkened ways
Made for our searching yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep, and such are daftodils
With the green world they live in, and clear nills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season, the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead,
All lovely tales that we have heard or read
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Meg Merrilies

OLD MEG she was a gipsy,
 And lived upon the moors,
 Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
 And her house was out of doors
 Her apples were swart blackberries,
 Her currants pods o' broom,
 Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
 Her book a church-yard tomb

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
 Her sisters larchen trees,
 Alone with her great family
 She lived as she did please
 No breakfast had she many a morn,
 No dinner many a noon,
 And 'stead of supper, she would stare
 Full hard against the moon

But every morn, of woodbine fresh
 She made her garlanding,
 And, every night, the dark glen yew
 She wove, and she would sing
 And with her fingers old and brown,
 She plaited mats of rushes,
 And gave them to the cottagers
 She met among the bushes

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
 And tall as Amazon,
 An old red blanket cloak she wore,
 A chip-hat had she on
 God rest her aged bones somewhere !
 She died full long agone !

Ode to a Nightingale

I

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full throated ease

II

O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunhurnt mirth.
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushing Hippocrène,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple stained mouth ,
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim

III

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ,
 Where palsy shakes a few sad, last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies ,

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to morrow

IV

Away! away! for I will fly to thee
 Not charmed by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays,
 But here there is no light
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways

V

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass the thicket and the fruit tree wild,
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine,
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves
 And mid May's eldest child
 The coming musk rose full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves

VI

Darkling I listen, and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath,

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldest thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod

VII

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ,
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown
 Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
 home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ,
 The same that oft times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn

VIII

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side , and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley glades
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music —Do I wake or sleep ?

On the Grasshopper and Cricket

The poetry of earth is never dead

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new mown mead
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead

In summer luxury—he has never done

With his delights for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed
The poetry of earth is ceasing never

On a lone winter evening when the frost

Has wrought a silence from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song in warmth increasing ever
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost

The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills

On first looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold

And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,

Round many western islands have I been

Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold

Out of one wide expanse hid I been told

That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene

Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men

Looked at each other with a wild surmise—

Silent upon a peak in Darien

THOMAS HOOD

Ruth

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
 Deeply ripened,—such a blush
 In the midst of brown was born,
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
 Which were blackest none could tell,
 But long lashes veiled a light
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
 Made her tressy forehead dim,
 Thus she stood amid the stooks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks.

‘Sure,’ I said, ‘heav’n did not mean
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
 Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
 Share my harvest and my home.’

Song

THE stars are with the voyager
 Wherever he may sail;
 The moon is constant to her time;
 The sun will never fail,
 But follow, follow round the world,
 The green earth and the sea,
 So love is with the lover’s heart,
 Wherever he may be.

Thou sun, shone on her joyously, ye breezes, waft
her wide,
Our glorious SEMPER LADEM, the banner of our pride
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple
sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be
From Eddystone to Berwick Bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day,
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-
flame spread,
High on St Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on
Beachy Head
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sun-
less caves,
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew,
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton
Down,

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start and with one cry the royal city woke
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires,
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer,
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street,
And broader still became the blaze and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in,
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth,
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north,
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill to hill,

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout ' God save our Lord the King ! '

' And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to day the helmet of Navarre '

Hurrah ! the foes are moving Hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,

Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre

Now, God be praised, the day is ours Mayenne hath turned his rein

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter, the Flemish count is slain

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ,

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our
van,

'Remember St Bartholomew!' was passed from man
to man

But out spoke gentle Henry 'No Frenchman is my
foe,

Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
go'

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
war,

As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for
France to day,

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight,

And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,

The cornet white, with crosses black, the flag of false
Lorraine

Up with it high! unfurl it wide! that all the host may
know

How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought
His Church such woe

Then on the ground while trumpets sound their loudest
point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of
Navarre.

Ho, maidens of Vienna! Ho matrons of Lucerne!
Weep weep, and rend your hair for those who never
shall return

Ho, Philip ! send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
 spearmen's souls

Ho, gallant nobles of the League ! look that your arms
 be bright,

Ho, burghers of Saint Genevieve ! keep watch and ward
 to night

For our God hath crushed the tyrant ; our God hath
 raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of
 the brave

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are !
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of
 Navarre !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

Dark Rosaleen

O my dark Rosaleen,
 Do not sigh, do not weep !
 The priests are on the ocean green ;
 They march along the deep
 There's wine from the royal Pope
 Upon the ocean green
 And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
 Shall give you health and help and hope,
 My dark Rosaleen !

Over hills and through dales
 Have I roamed for your sake ;
 All yesterday I sailed with sails
 On river and on lake

The Erne at its highest flood
 I dashed across unseen,
 For there was lightning in my blood,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 O there was lightning in my blood !
 Red lightning lightened through my blood,
 My dark Rosaleen !

All day long, in unrest,
 To and fro do I move ;
 The very soul within my breast
 Is wasted for you, love !
 The heart in my bosom faints
 To think of you, my queen,
 My life of life, my saint of saints,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
 My life, my love, my saint of saints,
 My dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
 Are my lot, night and noon,
 To see your bright face clouded so,
 Like to the mournful moon
 But yet will I rear your throne
 Again in golden sheen
 'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
 My dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
 'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
 My dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,
 Will I fly for your weal;
 Your holy delicate white hands
 Shall girdle me with steel
 At home, in your emerald bowers,
 From morning's dawn till e'en,
 You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
 My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
 My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
 I could plough the high hills!
 O I could kneel all night in prayer
 To heal your many ills!
 And one beamy smile from you
 Would float like light between
 My toils and me, my own, my true,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 Would give me life and soul anew,
 A second life, a soul anew
 My dark Rosaleen!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I know not where,
 For who has sight so keen and strong,
 That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
 I found the arrow, still unbroke;
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.

A Psalm of Life

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream!—
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal,
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to day

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act,—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate,
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

The Arsenal at Springfield

THIS is the Arsenal From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms,
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the villages with strange alarms

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
 When the death angel touches those swift keys !
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,
 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
 And loud, amid the universal clamour,
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
 Beat the wild war drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village,
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns,
 The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns,

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursed instruments as these,
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals or forts

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
 And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future through long generations
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,
 And like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say Peace !

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise

My Lost Youth

Often I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me
 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still
 A boy's will is the wind's will
 And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch in sudden gleams
 The sheen of the far surrounding seas
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams
 And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still
 A boy's will is the wind's will
 And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts'

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea tides tossing free
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships

And the magic of the sea
 And the voice of that wayward song
 Is singing and saying still
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts'

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill,
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
 The drum beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill
 And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts'

I remember the sea fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide!
 And the dead captains, as they lay
 In their graves, overlooking the tranquil bay
 Where they in battle died
 And the sound of that mournful song
 Goes through me with a thrill
 'A boy's will is the wind's will
 And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts.'

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
 The shadows of Deering's Woods
 And the friendships old and the early loves
 Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
 In quiet neighbourhoods
 And the verse of that sweet old song,
 It flutters and murmurs still
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts'

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
 Across the school boy's brain,
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain
 And the voice of that fitful song,
 Sings on, and is never still
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts'

There are things of which I may not speak;
 There are dreams that cannot die,
 There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,
 And a mist before the eye
 And the words of that fatal song
 Come over me like a chill
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts'

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
 When I visit the dear old town
 But the native air is pure and sweet,
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well known street,
 As they balance up and down
 Are singing the beautiful song
 Are sighing and whispering still:
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts'

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
 And with joy that is almost pain
 My heart goes back to wander there,
 And among the dreams of the days that were,

I find my lost youth again
 And the strange and beautiful song,
 The groves are repeating it still
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The Shipbuilders

THE sky is ruddy in the east,
 The earth is grey below,
 And spectral in the river mist,
 The ship's white timbers show
 Then let the sounds of measured stroke
 And grating saw begin
 The broad axe to the gnarled oak,
 The mallet to the pin !

Hark !—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
 The sooty smithy jars,
 And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
 Are fading with the stars
 All day for us the smith shall stand
 Beside that flashing forge,
 All day for us his heavy hand
 The groaning anvil scourge

From far-off hills the panting team
 For us is toiling near,
 For us the raftsmen down the stream
 Their island barges steer
 Rings out for us the axeman's stroke
 In forests old and still,—
 For us the century-circled oak
 Falls crashing down his hill.

Up !—up !—in nobler toil than ours
 No craftsmen bear a part
 We make of Nature's giant powers
 The slaves of human Art
 Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
 And drive the tree nails free
 Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
 Shall tempt the searching sea !

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
 Of Northern ice may peel,
 The sunken rock and coral peak
 May grate along her keel,
 And know we well the painted shell
 We give to wind and wave,
 Must float, the sailor's citadel,
 Or sink, the sailor's grave !

God bless her ! wheresoe'er the breeze
 Her snowy wing shall fan,
 Aside the frozen Hebrides,
 Or sultry Hindostan !
 Where er, in mart or on the main,
 With peaceful flag unfurled,
 She helps to wind the silken chain
 Of commerce round the world !

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
 The Desert's golden sand,
 The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
 The spice of Morning-land !
 Her pathway on the open main
 May blessings follow free,
 And glad hearts welcome back again
 Her white sails from the sea !

The Pipes at Lucknow

PIPS of the misty moorlands,
 Voice of the glens and hills ;
 The droning of the torrents,
 The treble of the rills !
 Not the braes of broom and heather,
 Nor the mountains dark with rain,
 Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
 Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
 And plaided mountaineer,—
 To the cottage and the castle
 The Scottish pipes are dear,—
 Sweet sounds the ancieot pibroch
 O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
 Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;
 Round and round the jungle serpent
 Near and nearer circles swept
 ' Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
 Pray to day ! ' the soldier said ,
 ' To-morrow, death's between us
 And the wrong and shame we dread .'

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
 Till their hope became despair ,
 And the sobs of low bewailing
 Filled the pauses of their prayer .
 Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
 With her ear unto the ground
 ' Dinna ye hear it ? —dinna ye hear it ?
 The pipes of Havelock sound ! '

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 Till their hope became despair ,
 And the sobs of low bewailing
 Filled the pauses of their prayer.
 Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
 With her ear unto the ground
 ' Dinna ye hear it ?—dinna ye hear it ?
 The pipes of Havelock sound ! '

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
 Hushed the wife her little ones,
 Alone they heard the drum-roll
 And the roar of Sepoy guns
 But to sounds of home and childhood
 The Highland ear was true,—
 As her mother's cradle-crooning
 The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
 Through the vision of the seer,
 More of feeling than of hearing,
 Of the heart than of the ear,
 She knew the droning pibroch,
 She knew the Campbell's call
 'Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—
 The grandest o' them all!'

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
 And they caught the sound at last,
 Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
 Rose and fell the piper's blast!
 Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
 Mingled woman's voice and man's,
 'God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
 The piping of the clans!'

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
 Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
 Came the wild MacGregor's clan call,
 Stinging all the air to life
 But when the far off dust cloud
 To plaided legions grew,
 Full tenderly and blithesomely
 The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
 Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
 Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
 The air of Auld Lang Syne
 O'er the cruel roll of war drums
 Rose that sweet and home-like strain :
 And the tartan clove the turban,
 As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn land reaper
 And plaided mountaineer,—
 To the cottage and the castle
 The piper's song is dear
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
 O'er mountain, glen and glade ;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The pipes at Lucknow played !

My Playmate

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
 Their song was soft and low ,
 The blossoms in the sweet May wind
 Were falling like the snow

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
 The orchard birds sang clear ,
 The sweetest and the saddest day
 It seemed of all the year

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
 My playmate left her home,
 And took with her the laughing spring,
 The music and the bloom

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
 Hushed the wife her little ones;
 Alone they heard the drum roll
 And the roar of Sepoy guns
 But to sounds of home and childhood
 The Highland ear was true,—
 As her mother's cradle-crooning
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 The sweetest and the saddest day
 It seemed of all the year

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
 My playmate left her home,
 And took with her the laughing spring,
 The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
 She laid her hand in mine
 What more could ask the bashful boy
 Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
 The constant years told o'er
 Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
 But she came back no more

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
 Of uneventful years,
 Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
 And reap the autumn ears

She lives where all the golden year
 Her summer roses blow,
 The dusky children of the sun
 Before her come and go

There haply with her jewelled hands
 She smooths her silken gown,—
 No more the homespun lap wherein
 I shook the walnuts down

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
 The brown nuts on the hill,
 And still the May-day flowers make sweet
 The woods of Follymill

The lilies blossom in the pond,
 The bird builds in the tree
 The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
 The slow song of the sea

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams

I see her face, I hear her voice.
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow,
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Eldorado

GAILY bedight,
 A gallant Knight,
 In sunshine and shadow
 Had journeyed long,
 Singing a song,
 In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
 This Knight so bold,—
 And o'er his heart a shadow
 Fell as he found
 No spot of ground
 That looked like Eldorado.

And as his strength
 Failed him at length,
 He met a pilgrim shadow—
 'Shadow,' said he,
 'Where can it be—
 This land of Eldorado ? '

'Over the Mountains
 Of the Moon,
 Down the Valley of the Shadow
 Ride, boldly ride,'
 The shade replied,—
 'It you seek for Eldorado ! '

Annabel Lee

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee,
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me

I was a child and she was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 But we loved with a love that was more than love—
 I and my Annabel Lee—
 With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me

And this was the reason that long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee
 So that her ligh-born kinsman came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me—
 Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—

And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ,

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ,
 And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
 In her sepulchre there by the sea—
 In her tomb by the sounding sea

The Bells

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells !

What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night !

While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight
 Keeping time time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells !

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !

Through the balmy air of mght
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten-golden notes,

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !

O from out the sounding cells

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !

How it dwells

On the Future ! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells—

Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright !

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire ,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour

Now—now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale faced moon

O the bells, bells, bells,

What a tale their terror tells,

Of despair !

How they clung, and clash, and roar !

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air !

Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging,

And the clangung,

How the danger ebbs and flows ;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the janghung

And the wranglung,

How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—

Of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells !

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !

In the silence of the night

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone !

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan

And the people—ah ! the people—

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—

They are ghouls

And their king it is who tolls,
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells!

And he dances and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the hells—

Of the bells

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—

Bells, bells, bells,—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Old Ironsides

AYE, tear her tattered ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,

And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky
 Beneath it rung the battle-shout
 And burst the cannon's roar,—
 The meteor of the open air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee,—
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave,
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave,
 Nail to her mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale

EDWARD FITZGERALD

Old Song

'Tis a dull sight
 To see the year dying,
 When winter winds
 Set the yellow wood sighing :
 Sighing, O sighing !

When such a time cometh
 I do retire
 Into an old room
 Beside a bright fire.
 O, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit
 Reading old things,
 Of knights and lorn damsels,
 While the wind sings—
 O, drearily sings!

I never look out
 Nor attend to the blast;
 For all to be seen
 Is the leaves falling fast;
 Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth,
 Like a cricket, sit I,
 Reading of summer
 And chivalry—
 Gallant chivalry!

Then with an old friend
 I talk of our youth—
 How 'twas gladsome, but often
 Foolish, forsooth
 But gladsome, gladsome!

Or, to get merry,
 We sing some old rhyme
 That made the wood ring again
 In summer time—
 Sweet summer time!

Then go we smoking,
 Silent and snug
 Naught passes between us,
 Save a brown jug—
 Sometimes !

And sometimes a tear
 Will rise in each eye,
 Seeing the two old friends
 So merrily—
 So merrily !

And ere to bed
 Go we, go we,
 Down on the ashes
 We kneel on the knee,
 Praying together !

Thus, then, live I
 Till, 'mid all the gloom,
 By Heaven ! the bold sun
 Is with me in the room
 Shining, shining !

Then the clouds part,
 Swallows soaring between ;
 The spring is alive,
 And the meadows are green !

I jump up like mad,
 Break the old pipe in twain
 And away to the meadows,
 The meadows again !

Stanzas from *Omar Khayyám*

THINK, in this battered Caravanserai,
 Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
 Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
 The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep :
 And Bahram, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
 Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled ;
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
 Fledges the River Lip on which we lean—
 Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
 From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
 To DAY of past Regrets and Future Fears :
 To-morrow !—Why, To-morrow I may be
 Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
 Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
 Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom ?

Then go we smoking,
 Silent and snug
 Naught passes between us,
 Save a brown jug—
 Sometimes !

And sometimes a tear
 Will rise in each eye,
 Seeing the two old friends
 So merrily—
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 The spring is alive,
 And the meadows are green !

I jump up like mad,
 Break the old pipe in twain
 And away to the meadows,
 The meadows again !

Often, where clear-stemmed platans guard
 The outlet, did I turn away
 The boat head down a broad canal
 From the main river sluiced, where all
 The sloping of the moon-lit sward
 Was damask-work, and deep inlay
 Of braided *blooms* unmown, which crept
 Adown to where the water slept

A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

A motion from the river won
 Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
 My shallop thro' the star strown calm,
 Until another night in night
 I entered, from the clearer light,
 Imbowered vaults of pillared palm,
 Imprisoning sweets, which, as they climb
 Heavenward, were stayed beneath the dome
 Of hollow boughs —A goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Still onward, and the clear canal
 Is rounded to as clear a lake
 From the green rivage many a fall
 Of diamond rilllets musical,
 Thro' little crystal arches low
 Down from the central fountain's flow
 Fall'n silver chuming seemed to shake
 The sparkling flints beneath the prow.

A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend,
 Dust unto dust, and under Dust to lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End

ALFRED TENNYSON, LORD TENNYSON

Recollections of the Arabian Nights

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
 In the silken sail of infancy,
 The tide of time flowed back with me,
 The forward flowing tide of time,
 And many a sheeny summer morn,
 Adown the Tigris I was borne,
 By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
 High walled gardens green and old,
 True Mussulman was I and sworn,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

A night my shallop, rustling thro'
 The low and bloomed foliage, drove
 The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
 The citron shadows in the blue
 By garden porches on the brim,
 The costly doors flung open wide,
 Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
 And broidered sofas on each side.

In sooth it was a goodly tune,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

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 The outlet, did I turn away
 The boat-head down a broad canal
 From the main river sluiced, where all
 The sloping of the moon-lit sward
 Was damask-work, and deep inlay
 Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
 Adown to where the water slept
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

A motion from the river won
 Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
 My shallop thro' the star strown calm,
 Until another night in night
 I entered, from the clearer light,
 Embowered vaults of pillars of palm,
 Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
 Heavenward, were stayed beneath the dome
 Of hollow boughs—A goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward; and the clear canal
 Is rounded to as clear a lake
 From the green rivage many a fall
 Of diamond rilles musical,
 Thro' little crystal arches low
 Down from the central fountain's flow
 Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake
 The sparkling flints beneath the prow.

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 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

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 Of good Haroun Alraschid

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 Of diamond rilles musical,
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 Down from the central fountain's flow
 Fall in silver-chiming seemed to shake
 The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Above thro' many a bowery turn
 A walk with vary-coloured shells
 Wandered engrained On either side
 All round about the fragrant marge
 From fluted vase, and brazen urn
 In order, eastern flowers large,
 Some dropping low their crimson bells
 Half closed and others studded wide
 With disks and tiars, fed the time
 With odour in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Far off, and where the lemon grove
 In closest coverture upsprung,
 The living airs of middle night
 Died round the bulbul as he sung.
 Not he but something which possessed
 The darkness of the world, delight,
 Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
 Ceasing not, mingled, unrepressed,
 Apart from place, withholding time,
 But flattering the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Black the garden bowers and grots
 Slumbered the solemn palms were ranged
 Above, unwooed of summer wind
 A sudden splendour from behind
 Flushed all the leaves with rich gold green,
 And, flowing rapidly between
 Their interspaces, counterchanged
 The level lake with diamond plots
 Of dark and bright A lovely time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
 Distinct with vivid stars inlaid,
 Grew darker from that under-flame :
 So, leaping lightly from the boat,
 With silver anchor left afloat,
 In marvel whence that glory came
 Upon me, as in sleep I sank
 In cool soft turf upon the bank,
 Entranced with that place and time,
 So worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alcaschid

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn—
 A realm of pleasure, many a mound,
 And many a shadow chequered lawn
 Full of the city's still sound,
 And deep myrrh thickets blowing round
 The stately cedar, tamarisks,
 Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
 Tall orient shrubs and obelisks
 Graven with emblems of the time,
 In honour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

With dazed vision unawares
 From the long alley's latticed shade
 Emerged, I came upon the great
 Pavilion of the Caliphat
 Right to the carven cedar doors,
 Flung inward over spangled floors,
 Broad based flights of marble stairs
 Ran up with golden balustrade,
 After the fashion of the time,
 And humour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Above thro' many a bowery turn
 A walk with vary-coloured shells
 Wandered engrained On either side
 All round about the fragrant marge
 From fluted vase, and brazen urn
 In order, eastern flowers large,
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 Half closed and others studded wide
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 Their interspaces, counterchanged
 The level lake with diamond plots
 Of dark and bright A lovely time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Ulysses

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me
 I cannot rest from travel I will drink
 Life to the lees all times I have enjoyed
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea I am become a name,
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known, cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honoured of them all,
 And drunk delight of hattle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy
 I am a part of all that I have met
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unhurried, not to shine in use!
 As tho' to breathc were life Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things, and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought
 This is my son, mine own Telemachus,

The fourscore windows all alight
 As with the quintessence of flame,
 A million tapers flaring bright
 From twisted silvers looked to shame
 The hollow-vaulted dark, and streamed
 Upon the moonèd domes aloof
 In inmost Bagdat, till there seemed
 Hundreds of crescents on the roof
 Of night new risen, that marvellous tune
 To celebrate the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Then stole I up and trancedly
 Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
 Serene with argent lidded eyes
 Amorous, and lashes like to rays
 Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
 Tressed with redolent ebony,
 In many a dark delicious curl,
 Flowing beneath her rose hued zone ;
 The sweetest lady of the time,
 Well worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid

Six columns, three on either side,
 Pure silver, underprop a rich
 Throne of the massive ore, from which
 Down drooped, in many a floating fold,
 Engarlanded and diapered
 With unwrought flowers, a cloth of gold
 Thereon, his deep eye laughter stirred
 With merriment of lingly pride,
 Sole star of all that place and time,
 I saw him—in his golden prime
 THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID

Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Sir Galahad

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel.
The splintered spear shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel
They reel, they roll in clangling lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly ram from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall !
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall .
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will
When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,

To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone He works his work, I mine

There lies the port, the vessel puts her sail:
 There gloom the dark broad seas My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with
 me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil,
 Death closes all but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks
 The long day wanes the slow moon climbs the
 deep

Moans round with many voices Come, my friends,
 Tis not too late to seek a newer world
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew
 Tho' much is taken much abides, and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear,
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear
 'O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near'
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail

Wages

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
 Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless
 sea—
 Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the
 wrong—
 Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory
 she
 Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

Between dark stems the forest glows,

I hear a noise of hymns :

Then by some secret shrine I ride ,

I hear a voice but none are there ;

The stalls are void, the doors are wide ,

The tapers burning fair

Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,

The silver vessels sparkle clean,

The shrill bell rings, the censer swings ,

And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres

I find a magic bark ,

I leap on board no helmsman steers

I float till all is dark

A gentle sound, an awful light

Three angels bear the holy Grail .

With folded feet, in stoles of white,

On sleeping wings they sail

Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !

My spirit beats her mortal bars,

As down dark tides the glory slides ,

And star like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne

Thro' dreaming towns I go

The cock crows ere the Christmas morn ,

The streets are dumb with snow

The tempest crackles on the leads ,

And, ringing springs from brand and mail ;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads ,

And gilds the driving hail

I leave the plain, I climb the height ,

No branchy thicket shelter yields ,

But blessed forms in whistling storms

Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

Lines from 'Locksley Hall'

MANY a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went
to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow
shade

Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver
braid

Here about the beach I wandered nourishing a youth
sublime

With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of
Time,

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land
reposed

When I clung to all the present for the promise that
it closed

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could
see,

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
sails

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales,

Heard the heavens fill with shouting and there rained
a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue,

The wages of sin is death if the wages of Virtue be
dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the
worm and the fly ?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the
just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer
sky
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

Break, break, break

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break break break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me

Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his laboured rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes
Such a war had such a close
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings,
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down,
A day of onsets of despair !
Dashed on every rocky square
Their surging charges foamed themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew,
Thro' the long tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
 rushing warm,
 With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
 thunder-storm,
 Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-
 flags were furled
 In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world

The Duke of Wellington

WHO is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with
 priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
 Mighty Seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes,
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea,
 His foes were thine, he kept us free;
 O give him welcome this is he
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee;
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gained a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun,
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clashed with his fiery few and won;
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
 That whenever a March-wind sighs
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we meet
 And the valleys of Paradise

The slender acacia would not strike
 One long milk bloom on the tree,
 The white lake blossom fell into the lake
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea,
 But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me,
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sighed for the dawn and thine.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and gimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one,
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear,
 She is coming, my life, my fate,
 The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near';
 And the white rose weeps, 'She is late';
 The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear',
 And the lily whispers, 'I wait'

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;

My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red

(From 'Maud')

Ring out, wild bells

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace

Ring in the valiant man and free
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be

(From 'In Memoriam')

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

The Loss of the 'Birkenhead'

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down,
 The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
 When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
 A cry of women rose

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
 Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock,
 Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them passed
 The spirit of that shock

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
 In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
 Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
 From underneath her keel

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
 That, low down in its blue translucent glass,
 We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
 Pass slowly, then repass

They tarried, the waves tarried for their prey !

The sea turned one clear smile ! like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath and prayer and rush and wreck,

Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Formed us in line to die

To die !—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glowed

Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers !—
‘All to the boats !’ cried one he was, thank God,
No officer of ours !

Our English hearts beat true —we would not stir,

That base appeal we heard but heeded not,
On land, on sea, we had our colours, Sir,
To keep without a spot !

They shall not say in England that we fought

With shameful strength unhonoured life to seek
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak

So we made women with their children go

The oars ply back again, and yet again,
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low
Still under steadfast men.

What follows, why recall ?—the brave who died,

Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath the purple tide
As others under turf.

They sleep as well ! and, roused from their wild grave
 Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again
 Joint heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
 His weak ones, not in vain

The Private of the Buffs

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaffed, and swore,
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never looked before
 To day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown
 And type of all her race

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewildered, and alone,
 A heart with English instinct fraught
 He yet can call his own
 Aye tear his body limb from limb,
 Bring cord or axe, or flame
 He only knows, that not through him
 Shall England come to shame

Far Kentish hop fields round him seemed,
 Like dreams, to come and go,
 Bright leagues of cherry blossom gleamed,
 One sheet of living snow
 The smoke above his father's door
 In grey soft eddys hung
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doomed by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
 He put the vision by
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
 An English lad must die
 And thus with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent,
 Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
 To his red grave he went

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
 Vain, those all-shattering guns,
 Unless proud England keep, untamed,
 The strong heart of her sons
 So, let his name through Europe ring—
 A man of mean estate,
 Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
 Because his soul was great

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

The Forced Recruit

IN the ranks of the Austrian you found him,
 He died with his face to you all,
 Yet bury him here where around him
 You honour your bravest that fall

Venetian, fair featured and slender,
 He lies shot to death in his youth,
 With a smile on his lips over tender
 For any mere soldier's dead mouth

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
 Though alien the cloth on his breast,
 Underneath it how seldom a greater
 Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

How do I love thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace
 I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death

(From 'Sonnets from the Portuguese')

ROBERT BROWNING

Pippa's Song

THE year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn,
 Morning's at seven,
 The hill side's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing,
 The snail's on the thorn
 God's in His heaven—
 All's right with the world!

(From 'Pippa Passes')

How they brought the Good News from Ghent
to Aix

I.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
'Good speed!' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew,
'Speed!' echoed the wall to us galloping through,
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast

II

Not a word to each other, we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place,
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit

III

'Twas moonset at starting, but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear,
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see,
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be,
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, ' Yet there is time! '

IV

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

V.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on

VI.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned, and cried Joris, ' Stay
spur !

' Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix'—for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
' Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff ,

Till over by Dalhem a dome spire sprang white,
And ' Gallop,' gasped Joris, ' for Aix is in sight ! '

VIII

' How they'll greet us ! '—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ,
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye sockets nm

IX.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
 peer,
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise bad
 or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood

X

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head twixt my knees on the ground,
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news
 from Ghent

Hervé Riel

I

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-
 two,
 Did the English fight the French,—woe to France !
 And, the thirty first of May, helter-skelter through the
 blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
 pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the
 Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

II

'Twas the squadrone that escaped, with the victor in
 full chase,
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
 Damsteville;
 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all,
 And they signalled to the place,
 'Help the winners of a race'
 Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—
 or, quicker still,
 Here's the English can and will!'

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and kept
 on board,
 'Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to
 pass?' laughed they
 'Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
 scarred and scored,—
 Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty
 guns,
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow
 way,
 Trust to enter—where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty
 tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!'

IV

Then was called a council straight.
 Brief and bitter the debate

Here's the English at our heels, would you have
 them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
 and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!
 (Ended Damfreville his speech)
 'Not a minute more to wait!
 Let the Captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
 beach!
 France must undergo her fate.

V

'Give the word!' But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard,
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid
 all these
 —A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second,
 third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for
 the fleet,
 A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisicese¹

VI

And 'What mockery or malice have we here?' cries
 Hervé Riel
 'Are you mad, you Malouins?² Are you cowards,
 fools, or rogues?

¹ Croisic—native of Le Croisic, a village at the mouth
 of the Loire, where this poem was written

² Malouins—natives of St. Malo

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
 soundings, tell
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river
 disembogues ? ¹
 Are you bought by English gold ? Is it love the
 lying's for ?
 Morn and eve, night and day.
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France ? That were worse
 than fifty Hogues !
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth ! Sirs, believe
 me there's a way !
 Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this *Formidable* clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
 well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound ;
 And if one ship misbehave,—
 Keel so much as grate the ground,
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head !'
 cries Hervé Riel

VII.

Not a minute more to wait
 'Steer us in, then, small and great !
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron !'
 cried its chief
 Captains give the sailor place !
 He is Admiral, in brief

¹ *Disembogues* enters the sea

Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a hound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide
 sea's profound !
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock,
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
 ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief !
 The peril, see, is past.
 All are harboured to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas ' Anchor ! '—sure as fate,
 Up the English come,—too late !

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm :
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Greve
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with halm.
 ' Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away !
 ' Neath rampired ¹ Sohdor pleasant riding on the
 Rance ! '
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's counte-
 nance !
 Out burst all with one accord,
 ' This is Paradise for Hell !
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing ! '

¹ *Rampired* fortified.

What a shout, and all one word,
 ' Herve Riel ! '
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before

IX

Then said Damfreville, ' My friend,
 I must speak out at the end
 Though I find the speaking hard
 Praise is deeper than the lips
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse !
 Demand whate er you will
 France remains your debtor still
 Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not
 Damfreville '

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue
 Since I needs must say my say
 Since on board the duty's done
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
 but a run ?—
 Since tis ask and have I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come ! A good whole holiday !
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore !
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more

XI

Name and deed alike are lost :
Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to
wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence
England bore the bell

Go to Paris rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell mell
On the Louvre, face and flank !

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
Riel

So, for better and for worse,
Herve Riel, accept my verse !
In my verse, Herve Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the
Belle Aurore !

Home Thoughts from the Sea

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North west
died away ,

Sunset ran, one glorious blood red, reeking into Cadiz
Bay ,

Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ,
In the dimmest North east distance dawned Gibraltar
grand and gray ,

' Here and here did England help me how can I help
England ? '—say ,

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray ,

While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

Home Thoughts from Abroad

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush, he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

'De Gustibus—'

YOUR ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
 (If our loves remain)
 In an English lane,
 By a cornfield side a-flutter with poppies.
 Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—
 A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
 Walking love, say,—
 The happier they!

Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
 And let them pass, as they will too soon,
 With the bean flowers' boon,
 And the blackbird's tune,
 And May, and June !

What I love best in all the world
 Is a castle, precipice encircled,
 In a gash of the wind grioved Apennine
 Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
 (If I get my head from out the mouth
 O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
 And come again to the land of lands)—
 In a sea side house to the farther South,
 Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
 And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
 By the many hundred years red rusted,
 Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit o'ercrusted,
 My sentinel to guard the sands
 To the water's edge For, what expands
 Before the house, but the great opaque
 Blue breadth of sea without a break ?
 While, in the house, for ever crumbles
 Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
 From blisters where a scorpion sprawls
 A girl bare footed brings, and tumbles
 Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,
 And says there's news to day—the king
 Was shot at, touched in the liver wing.
 Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling
 —She hopes they have not caught the felons.
 Italy, my Italy !
 Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
 (When fortune's malice
 Lost her—Calais)—

Open my heart and you will see
 Graved inside of it, 'Italy'
 Such lovers old are I and she
 So it always was, so shall ever be!

Evelyn Hope

I.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
 Sit and watch by her side an hour
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed,
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
 Beginning to die too, in the glass,
 Little has yet been changed, I think
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass
 Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chunk.

II

Sixteen years old when she died!
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
 It was not her time to love, beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,
 Duties enough and little cares,
 And now was quiet, now astir,
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

III

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
 What, your soul was pure and true,
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—
 And, just because I was thrice as old
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
 Each was nought to each, must I be told?
 We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

IV.

No, indeed ! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love

I claim you still, for my own love's sake !
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,

Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few
Much is to learn, much to forget

Ere the time be come for taking you

V

But the time will come,—at last it will,

When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,

That body and soul so pure and gay ?

Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,

And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,

In the new life come in the old one's stead.

VI

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,

Given up myself so many times,

Gained me the gains of various men,

Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;

Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,

Either I missed or itself missed me

And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !

What is the issue ? let us see !

VII

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while

My heart seemed full as it could hold ?

There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,

And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold

So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
 There, that is our secret—go to sleep!
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

Prospice

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe,
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all
 I was ever a fighter so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

JULIA WARD HOWE

Battle Hymn of the American Republic

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored,

He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift
sword

His truth is marching on

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling
camps,

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps,

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps

His day is marching on

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel

' As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My
grace shall deal,

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel !

Since God is marching on '

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat.

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his Judgment
Seat

O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my
feet !

Our God is marching on.

I love her with a love as still
 As a broad river's peaceful insight,
 Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
 Seems following its own wayward will
 And yet doth ever flow aright
 And, on its full, deep breast serene,
 Like quiet isles my duties lie,
 It flows around them and between,
 And makes them fresh and fair and green,
 Sweet homes wherein to live and die

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain ! My Captain

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought
 is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exult-
 ing,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
 daring,
 But O heart ! heart ! heart !
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ,
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
 trills,
 For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the
 shores a crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
 turning ,

Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead

My Captain does not answer his lips are pale and still
 My father does not feel my arm he has no pulse nor will

The ship is anchored safe and sound its voyage closed
 and done

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won

Exult O shore and ring O bells!
 But I with mournful tread
 Walk the deck my Captain lies
 Fallen cold and dead

The Lost Mate

ONCE in Paumanol

When the lilac scent was in the air, and Fifth month
 grass was growing

Up this sea shore in some briars

Two feathered guests from Alabama two together

And their nest and four light green eggs spotted with
 brown

And every day the he bird to and fro near at hand

And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest,
 silent with bright eyes

And every day I a curious boy never too close never
 disturbing them

Cautiously peering absorbing translating

Shine ! shine ! shine !
 Pour down your warmth, great sun,
 While we bask, we two together.

Two together !
 Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
 Day come white, or night come black,
 Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
 Singing all time, minding no time,
 While we two keep together

Till of a sudden,
 Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,
 One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
 Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
 Nor ever appeared again

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
 And at night under the full of the moon in calmer
 weather,
 Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
 Or flitting from briar to briar by day,
 I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the
 he bird,
 The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow ! blow ! blow !
 Blow up, sea winds, along Paumanok's shore !
 I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glistened,
 All night long on the prong of a moss-scalloped stake,
 Down almost amid the slapping waves,
 Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears

He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men
know.

Yes, my brother, I know,—
The rest might not, but I have treasured every note;
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeam, blending myself with
the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the
sounds and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listened long and long

Listened to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you, my brother

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping
every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with
love!

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love!

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out
among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the
white?

Loud ! loud ! loud !
 Loud I call to you, my love !
 High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves
 Surely you must know who is here, is here,—
 You must know who I am, my love !

Low-hanging moon !
 What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow ?
 O it is the shape, the shape of my mate !
 O moon, do not keep her from me any longer !

Land ! land ! O land !
 Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me
 my mate back again if you only would !
 For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever
 way I look

O rising stars !
 Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise
 with some of you
 O throat ! O trembling throat !
 Sound clearer through the atmosphere :
 Pierce the woods, the earth !
 Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one
 I want.

Shake out carols !
 Solitary here, the night's carols !
 Carols of lonesome love, death's carols !
 Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon !
 O under that moon where she droops almost down
 into the sea,
 O reckless, despairing carols !

CHARLES KINGSLEY

The Last Buccaneer

OH England is a pleasant place for them that's rich
and high,

But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I,
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift
and stout,

All furnished well with small arms and cannons round
about.

And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and
free

To choose their valiant captains and obey them
loyally

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards
of plate and gold,

Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk
of old,

Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard
as stone,

Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them
to the bone

Oh the palms grew high in Aves, and fruits that shone
like gold,

And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to
behold,

And the negro maids to Aves from bondage fast did
flee,

To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
 A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
 With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to
 the roar

Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched
 the shore

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must
 be,

So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put
 down were we

All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the
 booms at night,

And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
 Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing
 she died,

But as I lay a gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
 And brought me home to England here, to beg until
 I die

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell
 where,

One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse
 off there

If I might but be a sea dove, I'd fly across the main,
 To the pleasant Isle of Avès to look at it once again

Young and Old

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
 And all the trees are green,
 And every goose a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen,

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
 And round the world away,
 Young blood must have its course, lad,
 And every dog his day

When all the world is old lad,
 And all the trees are brown,
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down,
 Creep home, and take your place there,
 The spent and maimed among—
 God grant you find one face there
 You loved when all was young

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Green fields of England

GREEN fields of England! whereso'er
 Across this watery waste we fare
 Your image at our hearts we bear,
 Green fields of England, everywhere

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
 Past where the waves' last confines be,
 Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
 Sweet eyes in England, dear to me

Dear home in England, safe and fast
 If but in thee my lot be cast,
 The past shall seem a nothing past
 To thee, dear home, if won at last,
 Dear home in England, won at last

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go ?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know

And where the land she travels from ? Away,

Far, far behind, is all that they can say

On sunny noons upon the deck s smooth face,

Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace ,

Or o'er the stern reckning, watch below

The foaming wake far widening as we go

On stormy nights when wild north-westers rave ,

How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !

The dripping sailor on the reeling mast

Exults to bear and scorns to wish it past

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know

And where the land she travels from ? Away,

Far, far behind, is all that they can say

Say not the struggle naught availeth

SAY not the struggle naught availeth

The labour and the wounds are vain,

The enemy faints not, nor faileth,

And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ,

It may be in yon smoke concealed

Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,

And but for you, possess the field

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,

Seem here no painful inch to gain,

Far back, through creeks and inlets making

Comes silent flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light,
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright !

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Song of Callicles

THROUGH the black, rushing smoke bursts,
 Thick breaks the red flame,
 All Etna heaves fiercely
 Her forest clothed frame

Not here, O Apollo !
 Are haunts meet for thee
 But, where Helicon breaks down
 In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silvered inlets
 Send far their light voice
 Up the still vale of Thisbe,
 O speed, and rejoice !

On the sward at the cliff-top
 Lie strewn the white flocks,
 On the cliff side the pigeons
 Roost deep in the rocks

In the moonlight the shepherds,
 Soft lulled by the nills,
 Lie wrapt in their blankets
 Asleep on the hills

—What forms are these coming
 So white through the gloom ?
 What garments out glistering
 The gold-flowered broom ?

What sweet-breathing presence
 Out-perfumes the thyme?
 What voices enrapture
 The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
 His choir, the Nine
 —The leader is fairest,
 But all are divine

They are lost in the hollows!
 They strain up again!
 What seeks on this mountain
 The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain,
 In the spring by their road,
 Then on to Olympus,
 Their endless abode

—Whose praise do they mention?
 Of what is 't told?—
 What will be for ever,
 What was from of old

First hymn they the Father
 Of all things, and then,
 The rest of immortals,
 The action of men,

The day in his hotness
 The strife with the palm;
 The night in her silence,
 The stars in their calm

Memorial Verses (April, 1850)

GOETHE in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
 Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
 But one such death remained to come;
 The last poetic voice is dumb—
 We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
 We bowed our head and held our breath.
 He taught us little, but our soul
 Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll
 With shivering heart the strife we saw
 Of passion with eternal law,
 And yet with reverential awe
 We watched the fount of fiery life
 Which served for that Titanic strife

When Goethe's death was told, we said:
 Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head
 Physician of the iron age,
 Goethe has done his pilgrimage
 He took the suffering human race,
 He read each wound, each weakness clear;
 And struck his finger on the place,
 And said *Thou artest here, and here!*
 He looked on Europe's dying hour
 Of fitful dream and feverish power,
 His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
 The turmoil of expiring life—
 He said *The end is everywhere,*
All still has truth, take refuge there!
 And he was happy, if to know
 Causes of things, and far below
 His feet to see the lurid flow
 Of terror, and insane distress,
 And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts rejoice!
 For never has such soothing voice
 Been to your shadowy world conveyed,
 Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
 Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
 Through Hades, and the mournful gloom
 Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,
 Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!

He too upon a wintry chime
 Had fallen—on this iron time
 Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears
 He found us when the age had bound
 Our souls in its benumbing round,
 He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears
 He hid us as we lay at birth
 On the cool flowery lap of earth
 Smiles broke from us, and we had ease,
 The hills were round us, and the breeze
 Went o'er the sun-lit fields again
 Our foreheads felt the wind and rain
 Our youth returned, for there was shed
 On spirits that had long been dead,
 Spirits dried up and closely furled,
 The freshness of the early world

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power?

Others will teach us how to dare,
 And against fear our breast to steel;
 Others will strengthen us to bear—
 But who, ah! who, will make us feel?

The cloud of mortal destiny,
 Others will front it fearlessly—
 But who, like him, will put it by ?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave
 O Rotha, with thy living wave !
 Sing him thy best ! for few or none
 Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

Shakespeare

OTHERS abide our question Thou art free
 We ask and ask—Thou smildest and art still,
 Out topping knowledge For the loftiest hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foiled searching of mortality ,

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self schooled, self scanned, self-honoured, self secure,
 Didst tread on earth unguessed at —Better so !

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow

Requiescat

STREW on her roses, roses,
 And never a spray of yew !
 In quiet she reposes ,
 Ah, would that I did too !

Her mirth the world required,
 She bathed it in smiles of glee.
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of heat, and sound
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round

Her cabined, ample spirit,
 It fluttered and failed for breath.
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty hall of death.

The Last Word

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
 Creep, and let no more be said !
 Vain thy onset ! all stands fast
 Thou thyself must break at last

Let the long contention cease !
 Geese are swans, and swans are geese
 Let them have it how they will !
 Thou art tired, best be still

They out-talked thee, lusted thee, tore thee ?
 Better men fared thus before thee,
 Fired their ringing shot and passed,
 Hotly charged—and sank at last

Charge once more, then, and be dumb
 Let the victors, when they come,
 When the forts of folly fall,
 Find thy body by the wall !

WILLIAM (JOHNSON) CORY

Herachitus

THEY told me, Herachitus, they told me you were dead,
 They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears
 to shed

I wept as I remembered how often you and I
 Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down
 the sky

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian
 guest,

A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
 Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
 For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot
 take

SYDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL

America

NOR force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye
 Who north or south, on east or western land,
 Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
 Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
 For God Oh ye who in eternal youth
 Speak with a living and creative flood
 This universal English, and do stand
 Its breathing book, live worthy of that grand
 Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
 Far, yet unsevered,—children brave and free
 Of the great Mother tongue, and ye shall be
 Lords of an Empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
 Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
 And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's
 dream

GEORGE MEREDITH

The Lark ascending

HE rises and begins to round,
 He drops the silver chain of sound,
 Of many links without a break,
 In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
 All interwoven and spreading wide,
 Like water dimples down a tide
 Where ripple ripple overcurls
 And eddy into eddy whirls,
 A press of hurried notes that run
 So fleet they scarce are more than one,
 Yet changeingly the trills repeat
 And linger ringing while they fleet,
 Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear
 To her beyond the handmaid ear
 Who sits beside our inner springs,
 Too often dry for this he brings,
 What seems the very jet of earth
 At sight of sun, her music's mirth,
 As up he wings the spiral stair
 A song of light, and pierces air
 With fountain ardour, fountain play,
 To reach the shining tops of day,
 And drink in everything discerned
 An ecstasy to music turned

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
 My heart is like an apple-tree
 Whose boughs are bent with thick set fruit;

My heart is like a rainbow shell
 That paddles in a halcyon sea ;
 My heart is gladder than all these,
 Because my love is come to me

Raise me a dais of silk and down ;
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes ;
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys ,
 Because the birthday of my life
 Is come, my love is come to me.

Uphill

Does the road wind uphill all the way ?
 Yes, to the very end
 Will the day's-journey take the whole long day ?
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
 A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
 You cannot miss that inn

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
 Those who have gone before
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
 They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
 Of labour you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
 Yea, beds for all who come.

Song

WHEN I am dead my dearest
 Sing no sad songs for me
 Plant thou no roses at my head
 Nor shady cypress tree
 Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet
 And if thou wilt remember
 And if thou wilt forget

I shall not see the shadows
 I shall not feel the rain
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on as if in pain
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set
 Happily may remember
 And happily may forget

Remember

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land
 When you can no more hold me by the hand
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you planned
 Only remember me you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember do not grieve
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

From the Wreck

' TURN out, boys '—' What's up with our super to-night ?

The man's mad—Two hours to daybreak I d swear—
Stark mad—why, there isn't a glimmer of light '

' Take Bolingbroke, Alec, give Jack the young mare ,
Look sharp A large vessel lies jammed on the reef,

And many on board still, and some washed on shore
Ride straight with the news—they may send some
relief

From the township , and we—we can do little more
You, Alec, you know the near cuts , you can cross

The "Sugarloaf" ford with a scramble I think ,
Don t spare the blood filly, nor yet the black horse ,
Should the wind rise, God help them ! the ship will
soon sink

Old Peter's away down the paddock, to drive
The nags to the stockyard as fast as he can—
A life and death matter , so, lads, look alive ,
Half-dressed, in the dark to the stockyard we ran

There was bridling with hurry, and saddling with
haste,

Confusion and cursing for lack of a moon ,
' Be quick with these buckles, we ve no time to waste ' ,
' Mind the mare, she can use her hind legs to some
tune '

' Make sure of the crossing place , strike the old track ,
They ve fenced off the new one , look out for the holes
On the wombat hills ' ' Down with the slip rails ,
stand back '

' And ride boys the pair of you, ride for your souls .'

In the low branches heavily laden with dew,

In the long grasses spoiling with deadwood that day,
Where the blackwood, the box, and the bastard oak
grew,

Between the tall gum-trees we galloped away—
We crashed through a brush fence, we splashed through
a swamp—

We steered for the north near 'The Eaglehawk's
Nest'—

We bore to the left, just beyond 'The Red Camp,'

And round the black tea-tree belt wheeled to the
west—

We crossed a low range sickly scented with musk

From wattle-tree blossom—we skirted a marsh—
Then the dawn faintly dappled with orange the dusk,

And pealed overhead the jay's laughter note harsh,
And shot the first sunstreak behind us, and soon

The dim dewy uplands were dreamy with light,
And full on our left flashed 'the reedy lagoon,'

And sharply 'the Sugarloaf' reared on our right
A smothered curse broke through the bushman's
brown beard,

He turned in his saddle, his brick coloured cheek
Flushed feebly with sun dawn, said, 'Just what I
feared

Last fortnight's late rainfall has flooded the creek'

Black Bolingbroke snorted and stood on the brink

One instant, then deep in the dark, sluggish swirl
Plunged headlong I saw the horse suddenly sink,

Till round the man's armpits the wave seemed to
curl

We followed,—one cold shock, and deeper we sank.

Than they did, and twice tried the landing in vain,

The third struggle won it, straight up the steep bank
We staggered, then out on the skirts of the plain

The stockrider, Alec, at starting had got
The lead, and had kept it throughout, 'twas his
boast

That through thickest of scrub he could steer like a
shot,

And the black horse was counted the best on the
coast,

The mare had been awkward enough in the dark,
She was eager and headstrong, and barely half
broke,

She had had me too close to a big stringybark,
And had made a near thing of a crooked she-oak,
And now on the open, lit up by the morn,

She flung the white foam flakes from nostril to neck,
And chased him—I hatless with shirt sleeves all torn
(For he may ride ragged who rides from a wreck)—
And faster and faster across the wide heath

We rode till we raced Then I gave her her head,
And she—stretching out with the bit in her teeth—
She caught him, outpaced him, and passed him,
and led

We neared the new fence, we were wide of the track,
I looked right and left—she had never been tried
At a stiff leap 'Twas little he cared on the black
'You're more than a mile from the gateway,' he
cried

I hung to her head, touched her flank with the spurs
(In the red streak of rail not the ghost of a gap)
She shortened her long stroke, she pricked her sharp
ears,
She flung it behind her with hardly a rap—

I saw the post quiver where Bohngbroke struck,
 And guessed that the pace we had come the last
 mile
 Had blown him a bit (he could jump like a buck).
 We galloped more steadily then for a while

The heath was soon passed, in the dim distance lay
 The mountain The sun was just clearing the tips
 Of the ranges to eastward The mare—could she
 stay?

She was bred very nearly as clean as Eclipse;
 She led, and as oft as he came to her side,
 She took the bit free and untiring as yet,
 Her neck was arched double, her nostrils were wide,
 And the tips of her tapering ears nearly met—
 ' You're lighter than I am,' said Alec at last,
 ' The horse is dead beat and the mare isn't blown.
 She must be a good one—ride on and ride fast,
 You know your way now' So I rode on alone.

Still galloping forward we passed the two flocks
 At M'Intyre's hut and M'Allister's hill—
 She was galloping strong at the Warrigal Rocks—
 On the Wallaby Range she was galloping still—
 And over the wasteland and under the wood,
 By down and by dale, and by fell and by flat,
 She galloped, and here in the stirrups I stood
 To ease her, and there in the saddle I sat
 To steer her We suddenly struck the red loam
 Of the track near the troughs—then she reeled on
 the rise—
 From her crest to her croup covered over with foam,
 And blood red her nostrils and bloodshot her eyes,
 A dip in the dell where the wattle fire bloomed—
 A bend round a bank that had shut out the view—

Large framed in the mild light the mountain had
loomed,

With a tall purple peak bursting out from the blue

I pulled her together, I pressed her, and she

Shot down the decline to the Company's yard,
And on by the paddocks, yet under my knee

I could feel her heart thumping the saddle-flaps
hard

Yet a mile and another, and now we were near

The goal, and the fields and the farms flitted past,
And 'twixt the two fences I turned with a cheer,

For a green grass fed mare 'twas a far thing and
fast

And labourers roused by her galloping hoofs,

Saw bare headed rider and foam sheeted steed,
And shone the white walls and the slate coloured roofs

Of the township, I steadied her then—I had need—
Where stood the old chapel (where stands the new
church—

Since chapels to churches have changed in that
town)

A short, sidelong stagger, a long forward lurch,

A slight choking sob, and the mare had gone down

I slipped off the bridle, I slackened the girth,

I ran on and left her and told them my news,

I saw her soon afterwards What was she worth?

How much for her hide? She had never worn
shoes

WILLIAM MORRIS

The Winning of the Golden Fleece

BUT Jason, going swiftly with good heart,
 Came to the wished for shrine built all apart
 Midmost the temple, that on pillars stood
 Of jasper green, and marble red as blood,
 All white itself and carven cunningly
 With Neptune bringing from the wavy sea
 The golden shining ram of Athamas,
 And the first door thereof of silver was,
 Wrought over with a golden glittering sun
 That seemed well-nigh alike the heavenly one.
 Such art therein the cunningest of men
 Had used, which little Jason heeded then,
 But thrusting in the lock the smallest key
 Of those he bore, it opened easily,
 And then five others, neither wrought of gold,
 Nor carved with tales, nor lovely to behold,
 He opened, but before the last one stayed
 His hand, wherein the heavy key he weighed,
 And pondering, spake a low and muttered word —

‘ The prize is reached, which yet I am afeard
 To draw unto me, since I know indeed,
 That henceforth war and toil shall be my meed —
 Too late to fear, it was too late, the hour
 I left the grey cliffs and the beechen bower,
 So here I take bard life and deathless praise,
 Who once was fain of nought but quiet days,
 And painless life, not empty of delight,
 I, who shall now be quickener of the fight,
 Named by a great name — a far babbled name,
 The ceaseless seeker after praise and fame
 ‘ May all be well, and on the noisy ways
 Still may I find some wealth of happy days ’

Therewith he threw the last door open wide,
 Whose hammered iron did the marvel hide,
 And shut his dazzled eyes, and stretched his hands
 Out toward the sea-born wonder of all lands,
 And plunged them deep within the locks of gold,
 Grasping the Fleece within his mighty hold

Which when Medea saw, her gown of grey
 She caught up from the ground, and drew away
 Her wearied foot from off the rugged beast,
 And while from her soft strain she never ceased,
 In the dull folds she hid her silk from sight
 And then, as bending 'neath the burden bright,
 Jason drew nigh, joyful, yet still afraid,
 She met him, and her wide grey mantle laid
 Over the Fleece, whispering 'Make no delay;
 He sleeps, who never slept by night or day
 Till now, nor will his charmed sleep be long
 Light foot am I, and sure thine arms are strong,
 Haste, then! No word! nor turn thine eyes aback,
 As he who erst on Hermes' shadowy track
 Turned round to see once more the twice-lost face'

Then swiftly did they leave the dreadful place,
 Turning no look behind, and reached the street,
 That with familiar look and kind did greet
 Those wanderers, mazed with marvels and with fear
 And so, unchallenged, did they draw anear
 The long white quays, and at the street's end now
 Beheld the ships' masts standing row by row
 Stark black against the stars then cautiously
 Peered Jason forth, ere they took heart to try
 The open starlit place, but naught he saw
 Except the night wind twitching the loose straw
 From half-unloaded keels and nought he heard

But the strange twittering of a caged green bird
 Within an Indian ship, and from the hill
 A distant baying, dead night lay so still,
 Somewhat they doubted, nathless forth they passed,
 And Argo's painted sides they reached at last

Then saw Medea men like shadows grey,
 Rise from the darksome decks, who took straightway
 With murmured joy, from Jason's outstretched hands,
 The conquered Fleece, the wonder of all lands,
 While with strong arms he raised the royal maid,
 And in their hold the precious burthen laid,
 And scarce her dainty feet could touch the deck,
 Ere down he leapt, and little now did reck
 That loudly clanged his armour therewithal

But, turning downward, did Medea call —
 'O noble Jason, and ye heroes strong,
 To sea, to sea! nor pray ye loiter long,
 For surely shall ye see the beacons flare
 Ere in mid stream ye are, and running fair
 On toward the sea with tide, and oar, and sail
 My father wakes, nor bides he to bewail
 His loss and me, I see his turret gleam
 As he goes towards the beacon, and down stream
 Absyrtus lurks before the sandy bar
 In mighty keel well manned and dight for war'

But as she spoke, rattling the cable slipped
 From out the hawse hole, and the long oars dipped
 As from the quays the heroes pushed away,
 And in the loosened sail the wind 'gan play,
 But even as they unto the stroke leaned back,
 And Nauplius, catching at the main sheet slack,
 Had drawn it taut, out flared the beacon wide,
 Lighting the waves, and they heard folk who cried.
 'Awake, awake, awake, O Colchian folk!'
 And all about the blare of horns outbroke,

As watch-tower answered watch-tower down the stream,

Where far below they saw the bale-fires gleam ;
 And galloping of horses now they heard,
 And clang of arms, and cries of men afeard ;
 For now the merchant mariners who lay
 About the town, thought surely an ill day
 Had dawned upon them while they slept at ease,
 And, half awake, pushed madly from the quays
 With crash of breaking oars and meeting ships,
 And cries and curses from outlandish lips ,
 So fell the quiet night to turmoil sore,
 While in the towers, high over din and roar,
 Melodiously the bells began to ring

But Argo, leaping forward to the swing
 Of measured oars, and leaning to the breeze,
 Sped swiftly 'twixt the dark and whispering trees

(From "The Life and Death of Jason.")

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Itylus

SWALLOW, my sister, O sister swallow,

How can thine heart be full of the Spring ?

A thousand Summers are over and dead
 What hast thou found in the Spring to follow ?

What hast thou found in thine heart to sing ?

What wilt thou do when the Summer is shed ?

O swallow, sister, O fair, swift swallow,

Why wilt thou fly after Spring to the south,

The soft south whither thine heart is set ?

Shall not the grief of the old time follow ?

Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth ?

Hast thou forgotten ere I forget ?

Sister, my sister, O fleet, sweet swallow,
 The way is long to the sun and the south ;
 But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
 Shedding my song upon hight, upon hollow,
 From tawny body and sweet, small mouth
 Feed the heart of the night with fire

I, the nightingale, all Spring through,
 O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
 All Spring through till the Spring be done,
 Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
 Sing while the hours and the wild birds follow,
 Take flight and follow, and find the sun

Sister, my sister, O soft, light swallow,
 Through all things feast in the Spring's guest-
 chamber,
 How hast thou heart to be glad thereof yet ?
 For where thou fleest I shall not follow
 Till life forget and death remember,
 Till thou remember and I forget

Swallow, my sister, O singing swallow,
 I know not how thou hast heart to sing
 Hast thou the heart ? Is it all passed over ?
 Thy lord, the Summer, is good to follow,
 And fair the feet of thy lover, the Spring ,
 But what wilt thou say to the Spring, thy lover ?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,
 My heart in me is a molten ember,
 And over my head the waves have met.
 But thou wouldest tarry or I would follow,
 Could I forget or thou remember,
 Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet, stray sister, O shifting swallow,
The heart's division divideth us

Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree,
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Danus, the Thracian sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?
The woven web that was plain to follow,
The small slain body, the flower-like face,
Can I remember if thou forget?

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten!
The hands that cling and the feet that follow!
The voice of the child's blood crying yet,
'Who hath remembered me? Who hath forgotten?'
Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget.

Child's Song

WHAT is gold worth, say,
Worth for work or play,
Worth to keep or pay,
Hide or throw away.

Hope about or fear?
What is love worth, pray?
Worth a tear?

Golden on the mould
Lie the dead leaves rolled
Of the wet woods old,
Yellow leaves and cold,
Woods without a dove;
Gold is worth but gold,
Love's worth love

A Forsaken Garden

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
 At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea
 A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of
 its roses
 Now be dead

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
 To the low last edge of the long lone land.
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
 Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
 So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,
 Through branches and briars if a man make way,
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's restless
 Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
 That crawls by a track none turn to climb
 To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
 Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time
 The thorns he spares when the rose is taken,
 The rocks are left when he wastes the plain
 The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
 These remain

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not
 As the heart of a dead man the seed plots are dry,
 From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls
 not,
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply

Over the meadows that blossom and wither
 Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song,
 Only the sun and the rain come hither
 All year long

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath
 Only the wind here hovers and revels
 In a round where life seems barren as death
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
 Happily, of lovers none ever will know,
 Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
 Years ago

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look thither,'
 Did he whisper? 'look forth from the flowers to
 the sea,
 For the foam flowers endure when the rose blossoms
 wither,
 And men that love lightly may die—but we?'
 And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
 And or ever the garden's last petals were shed
 In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had
 lightened,
 Love was dead

Or they loved their life through, and then went
 whither?
 And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
 Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
 As the rose red seaweed that mocks the rose
 Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
 What love was ever as deep as a grave?
 They are loveless now as the grass above them
 Or the wave,

All are at one now, roses and lovers,

Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers

In the air now soft with a summer to be
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and
laughter

We shall sleep

Here death may deal not again for ever;

Here change may come not till all change end
From the graves they have made they shall rise up
never,

Who have left nought living to ravage and rend
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,

While the sun and the rain live these shall be,
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,

Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble

The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,

Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self slain on his own strange altar,

Death lies dead

BRET HARTE

Dickens in Camp

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below.
The dim Sierras far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
 The ruddy tints of health
 On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted,
 In the fierce race for wealth

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
 A hoarded volume drew,
 And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
 To hear the tale anew

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
 And as the firelight fell,
 He read aloud the book wherein the Master
 Had writ of 'Little Nell'

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, for the reader
 Was youngest of them all,
 But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
 A silence seemed to fall.

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
 Listened in every spray,
 While the whole camp, with 'Nell' on English meadows,
 Wandered, and lost their way.

And so, in mountain solitudes, o'er taken
 As by some spell divine,
 Their cares dropped from them, like the needles
 shaken
 From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire
 And he who wrought that spell
 Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spruce,
 Ye have one tale to tell !

Her voice in the distance is lofty and loud,
 Thro' its echoing gorges,
 She hath hidden her eyes in a mantle of cloud,
 And her feet in the surges!

On the top of the hills, on the turreted cones—
 Chief temples of thunder—
 The gale, like a ghost in the middle watch moans,
 Gliding over and under
 The sea, flying white through the rack and the rain
 Leapeth wild to the forelands
 And the plover, whose cry is like passion with pain,
 Complains in the moorlands

O, season of changes, of shadow and shine,
 September the splendid!
 My song hath no music to mingle with thine,
 And its burden is ended,
 But thou, being born of the winds and the sun,
 By mountain, by river,
 May lighten and listen, and loiter and run,
 With thy voices for ever

ROBERT BRIDGES

A Passer-By

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
 Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
 That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
 Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
 Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
 When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
 Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
 In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,

Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air
 I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
 And anchor, queen of the strange shipping there,
 Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare
 Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped
 grandest

Peak, that is over the feathery palms, more fair
 Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,
 I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
 That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
 Thy port assured in a happier land than mine
 But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
 As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
 From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
 In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

The Fair Brass

AN effigy of brass
 Trodden by careless feet
 Of worshippers that pass,
 Beautiful and complete,

Lieth in the sombre aisle
 Of this old church unwreckt,
 And still from modern style
 Shielded by kind neglect

MOUNT HELICON

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 Thro' its echoing gorges,
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 And her feet in the surges!

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 Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
 In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling

Heirs of our antique shrines,
Sires of our future fame,
Whose starry honour shines
In many a noble name.

Across the deathful days,
Linked in the brotherhood
That loves our country's praise,
And lives for heavenly good.

ANDREW LANG

The Odyssey

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Æean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine—
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear like Ocean on the western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey

MOUNT HELICON

It shows a warrior armed
Across his iron breast
His hands by death are charmed
To leave his sword at rest,

Wherewith he led his men
O'ersea, and smote to hell
The astonisht Saracen,
Nor doubted he did well

Would we could teach our sons
His trust in face of doom,
Or give our bravest ones
A comparable tomb

Such as to look on shrives
The heart of half its care ;
So in each line survives
The spirit that made it fair ;

So fair the characters,
With which the dusty scroll,
That tells his title, stirs
A requiem for his soul

Yet dearer far to me,
And brave as he are they,
Who fight by land and sea
For England at this day ,

Whose vile memorials,
In mournful marbles gilt,
Deface the beauteous walls
By growing glory built

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England
 You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own !
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
 Of such teeming destinies,
 You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England,
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England.
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,
 Spouse in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
 There's the menace of the Word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

Margaritæ Sorori

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies
 And from the west,
 Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, gray city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace

The smoke ascends
 In a rosy and golden haze The spires
 Shine and are changed In the valley

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

England, my England

WHAT have I done for you,

England, my England ?

What is there I would not do,

England, my own ?

With your glorious eyes austere,

As the Lord were walking near,

Whispering terrible things and dear

As the Song on your bugles blown,

England—

Round the world on your bugles blown !

Where shall the watchful sun,

England my England,

Match the master work you ve done,

England, my own ?

When shall he rejoice agen

Such a breed of mighty men

As come forward, one to ten,

To the Song on your bugles blown,

England—

Down the years on your bugles blown ?

Ever the faith endures,

England, my England —

* Take and break us we are yours,

England, my own !

Life is good and joy runs high

Between English earth and sky

Death is death, but we shall die

To the Song on your bugles blown,

England—

To the stars on your bugles blown !'

Song

(To the tune of Wandering Willie.)

HOME no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—
Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moor-
land,
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild
Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is
cold
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the
place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moor-
fowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees
and flowers,
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even flowing hours,
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—
But I go for ever and come again no more

Shadows rise The lark sings on. The sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing mght—
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing !
 My task accomplished and the long day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing,
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene,
 Death

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Romance

I WILL make you brooches and toys for your delight
 Of bird song at morning and star shine at mght
 I will make a palace fit for you and me,
 Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
 Where white flows the river and bright blows the
 broom,
 And you shall wash your linen and keep your body
 white
 In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
 The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear
 That only I remember, that only you admire,
 Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire

And the bulrushes and reed-beds put off their sallow
gray

And burnt with cloudy crimson at dawning of the day

MARGARET LOUISA WOODS

The Mariners

THE mariners sleep by the sea

The wild wind comes up from the sea,

It wails round the tower, and it blows through the
grasses,

It scatters the sand o'er the graves where it passes
And the sound and the scent of the sea

The white waves beat up from the shore,

They beat on the church by the shore,

They rush round the grave stones aslant to the lee-
ward,

And the wall and the mariners' graves lying seaward,
That are banked with the stones from the shore

For the huge sea comes up in the storm,

Like a beast from the lair of the storm,

To claim with its ravenous leap and to mingle
The mariners' bones with the surf and the shingle
That it rolls round the shore in the storm.

There is nothing beyond but the sky,

But the sea and the slow-moving sky,

Where a cloud from the grey lifts the gleam of its
edges,

Where the foam flashes white from the shouldering
ridges,

As they crowd on the uttermost sky.

Requiem

UNDER the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me be
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

J L CUTHBERTSON

The Australian Sunrise

THE Morning Star paled slowly, the Cross hung low
 to the sea,
 And down the shadowy reaches the tide came swirling
 free,
 The lustrous purple blackness of the soft Australian
 night
 Waned in the grey awakening that heralded the light,
 Still in the dying darkness, still in the forest dim
 The pearly dew of the dawning clung to each giant
 limb,
 Till the sun came up from ocean, red with the cold
 sea mist,
 And smote on the limestone ridges, and the shining
 tree-tops kissed,
 Then the fiery Scorpion vanished, the magpie's note
 was heard,
 And the wind in the she oak wavered, and the honey-
 suckles stirred,
 The airy golden vapour rose from the river breast,
 The kingfisher came darting out of his crannied nest,

He filled from the life of their motion
 Her nostrils with breath of the sea,
 And gave her afar in the ocean
 A citadel free

Her, never the fever mist shrouding,
 Nor drought of the desert may blight,
 Nor pall of dun smoke overclouding
 Vast cities of clamour and night
 But the voice of abundance of waters
 In valleys that bright rivers lave,
 Greets her children, the sons and the daughters,
 Of sunshine and wave

Lo! here where each league hath its fountains
 In isles of deep fern and tall pine,
 And breezes snow-cooled on the mountains,
 Or keen from the limitless brine,
 See men to the battlefield pressing
 To conquer one foe—the stern soil,
 Their kingship in labour expressing,
 Their lordship in toil

Though young, they are heirs of the ages,
 Though few, they are freemen and peers;
 Plain workers—yet sure of the wages
 Slow Destiny pays with the years
 Though least they, and latest their nation,
 Yet this they have won without sword,
 That Woman with Man shall have station,
 And Labour be lord

The winds of the sea and high heaven
 Speed pure to her, kissed by the foam.
 The steeds of her ocean undriven,
 Unbitted and riderless roam,

The mariners sleep by the sea
 Far away there's a shrine by the sea ;
 The pale women climb up the path to it slowly,
 To pray to Our Lady of Storms ere they wholly
 Despair of their men from the sea.

The children at play on the sand,
 Where once from the shell-broadered sand
 They would watch for the sails coming in from far
 places,
 Are forgetting the ships and forgetting the faces
 Lying here, lying hid in the sand

When at night there's a seething of surf,
 The grandames look out o'er the surf,
 They reckon their dead and their long years of sadness,
 And they shake their lean fists at the sea and its
 madness,
 And curse the white fangs of the surf.

But the mariners sleep by the sea
 They hear not the sound of the sea,
 Nor the hymn from the church where the psalm is up-
 lifted,
 Nor the crying of birds that above them are drifted.
 The mariners sleep by the sea

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

New Zealand

GOD gift her about with the surges
 And winds of the masterless deep,
 Whose tumult uprouses and urges
 Quick billows to sparkle and leap,

O ye by wandering tempest sown
 'Neath every alien star,
 Forget not whence the breath was blown
 That wafted you afar !
 For ye are still her ancient seed
 On younger soil let fall—
 Children of Britain's island-breed
 To whom the mother in her need
 Perchance may one day call

SIR RENNELL RODD

Hellas

It is not only that the sun
 Loves best these southern lands,
 It is not for the trophies won
 Of old by hero hands,
 That nature wreathed in softer smiles
 Was here the bride of art
 A closer kinship claims these isles,
 The love-land of the heart
 It is because the poet's dream
 Still haunts each happy vale,
 That peopled every grove and stream
 To fit his fairy tale

There may be greener vales and hills
 Less bare to shelter man,
 But still they want the naïad rills,
 And miss the pipe of Pan
 There may be other isles as fair
 And summer seas as blue,

And clear from her lamp newly lighted
 Shall stream o'er the billows upcurled
 A light as of wrongs at length righted,
 Of Hope to the world.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

Song

APRIL, April,
 Laugh thy girlish laughter ;
 Then, the moment after,
 Weep thy girlish tears !
 April, that mine ears
 Like a lover greetest,
 If I tell thee, sweetest,
 All my hopes and fears,
 April, April,
 Laugh thy golden laughter,
 But, the moment after,
 Weep thy golden tears !

England and her Colonies

She stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
 By countless morns unpearled,
 Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
 Her branches sweep the world,
 Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
 Clothe the remotest strand
 With forests from her scatterings made,
 New nations fostered in her shade,
 And linking land with land

O ye by wandering tempest sown
 'Neath every alien star,
 Forget not whence the breath was blown
 That wafted you afar!
 For ye are still her ancient seed
 On younger soil let fall—
 Children of Britain's island-hreed
 To whom the mother in her need
 Perchance may one day call

SIR RENNELL RODD

Hellas

It is not only that the sun
 Loves best these southern lands,
 It is not for the trophies won
 Of old by hero hands,
 That nature wreathed in softer smiles
 Was here the bride of art,
 A closer kinship claims these isles,
 The love-land of the heart
 It is because the poet's dream
 Still haunts each happy vale,
 That peopled every grove and stream
 To fit his fairy tale

There may be greener vales and hills
 Less bare to shelter man,
 But still they want the named rills,
 And miss the pipe of Pan
 There may be other isles as fair
 And summer seas as blue,

And clear from her lamp newly lighted
 Shall stream o'er the billows upcurled
 A light as of wrongs at length righted,
 Of Hope to the world.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

Song

APRIL, April,
 Laugh thy girlish laughter ;
 Then, the moment after,
 Weep thy girlish tears !
 April, that mine ears
 Like a lover greetest,
 If I tell thee, sweetest,
 All my hopes and fears,
 April, April,
 Laugh thy golden laughter,
 But, the moment after,
 Weep thy golden tears !

England and her Colonies

SHE stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
 By countless morns unpearled,
 Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
 Her branches sweep the world,
 Her seeds by careless winds conveyed,
 Clothe the remotest strand
 With forests from her scatterings made,
 New nations fostered in her shade,
 And linking land with land

O ye by wandering tempest sown
 Neath every alien star,
 Forget not whence the breath was blown
 That wafted you afar !
 For ye are still her ancient seed
 On younger soil let fall—
 Children of Britain's island breed
 To whom the mother in her need
 Perchance may one day call

SIR RENNELL RODD

Hellas

It is not only that the sun
 Loves best these southern lands,
 It is not for the trophies won
 Of old by hero hands
 That nature wreathed in softer smiles
 Was here the bride of art
 A closer kinship claims these isles,
 The love land of the heart
 It is because the poet's dream
 Still haunts each happy vale
 That peopled every grove and stream
 To fit his fairy tale

There may be greener vales and hills
 Less bare to shelter man
 But still they want the naïad rills,
 And miss the pipe of Pan
 There may be other isles as fair
 And summer seas as blue,

But then Odysseus touched not there,
 Nor Argo beached her crew,
 The Nereid haunted river shore,
 The Faun frequented dell,
 Possess me with their magic more
 Than sites where Cæsars fell
 And where the blooms of Zante blow
 Their incense to the waves,
 Where Ithaca's dark headlands show
 The legendary caves,
 Where in the deep of olive groves
 The summer hardly dies,
 Where fair Phæacia's sun brown maids
 Still keep their siren eyes,
 Where Chalcis strains with loving lips
 Towards the little bay,
 The strand that held the thousand ships,
 The Aulis of delay,
 Where Æta's ridge of granite bars
 The gate Thermopylæ,
 Where huge Orion crowned with stars
 Looks down on Rhodope,
 Where once Apollo tended flocks
 On Phera's lofty plain,
 Where Peneus cleaves the stubborn rocks
 To find the outer main,
 Where Argos and Mycenæ sleep
 With all the buried wrong,
 And where Arcadian uplands keep
 The antique shepherd song,
 There is a spirit haunts the place
 All other lands must lack,
 A speaking voice, a living grace,
 That beckons fancy back

Dear isles and sea-indented shore,
 Till songs be no more sung,
 The singers that have gone before
 Will keep your lovers young
 And men will hymn your haunted skies,
 And seek your holy streams,
 Until the soul of music dies,
 And earth has done with dreams

ALICE MEYNELL

The Shepherdess

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep
 Her flocks are thoughts She keeps them white:
 She guards them from the steep,
 She feeds them on the fragrant height,
 And folds them in for sleep

She roams maternal hills and bright,
 Dark valleys safe and deep
 Into that tender breast at night
 The chaste stars may peep
 She walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
 Though gay they run and leap
 She is so circumspect and right,
 She has her soul to keep
 She walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep

FRANCIS THOMPSON

To a Snowflake

WHAT heart could have thought you ?—
 Past our devisal
 (O filigree petal !)
 Fashioned so purely,
 Fragilely, surely,
 From what Paradisal
 Imagineless metal,
 Too costly for cost ?
 Who hammered you, wrought you,
 From argentine vapour ?—
 ' God was my shaper
 Passing surmisal,
 He hammered, He wrought me,
 From curled silver vapour,
 To lust of His mind —
 Thou couldst not have thought me !
 So purely, so palely,
 Timely, surely,
 Mightily, frailly,
 Insculped and embossed,
 With His hammer of wind,
 And His graver of frost '

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

Prayers

GOD who created me
 Nimble and light of limb,
 In three elements free,
 To run, to ride, to swim—

Not when the sense is dim,
 But now from the heart of joy,
 I would remember Him—
 Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,
 Whose are my foes to fight,
 Gird me with Thy sword,
 Swift and sharp and bright
 Thee would I serve if I might,
 And conquer if I can,
 From day-dawn till night,
 Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth,
 Breathing in grosser clay
 The light and flame of youth,
 Delight of men in the fray,
 Wisdom in strength's decay,
 From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
 This best gift I pray,
 Take my spirit to thee.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

The Song of the Bow

WHAT of the bow?
 The bow was made in England
 Of true wood, of yew wood,
 The wood of English bows;
 So men who are free
 Love the old yew-tree
 And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?

The cord was made in England
 A rough cord, a tough cord,
 A cord that bowmen love,
 And so we will sing
 Of the hempen string,
 And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?

The shaft was cut in England,
 A long shaft, a strong shaft,
 Barbed and trim and true,
 So we'll drink all together
 To the grey goose-feather,
 And the land where the grey goose flew.

What of the mark?

Ah, seek it not in England,
 A bold mark, our old mark
 Is waiting over-sea
 When the strings harp in chorus,
 And the lion flag is o'er us,
 It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men?

The men were bred in England,
 The bowmen, the yeomen,
 The lads of dale and fell
 Here's to you—and to you!
 To the hearts that are true,
 And the land where the true hearts dwell!

The Frontier Line

WHAT marks the frontier line?

Thou man of India, say!
Is it in the Himalayas sheer
The rocks and valleys of Cashmere,
Or Indus as she seeks the south
From Attoch to the five fold mouth?

'Not that! Not that!'

Then answer me I pray
What marks the frontier line?

What marks the frontier line?

Thou man of Burma speak!
Is it traced from Mandalay,
And down the marches of Cathay,
From Bhamo south to Kiang Mai,
And where the buried rubies lie?

'Not that! Not that!'

Then tell me what I seek
What marks the frontier line?

What marks the frontier line?

Thou Africander say!
Is it shown by Zulu kraal,
By Drakensberg or winding Vaal
Or where the Shire waters seek
Their outlet east at Mozambique?

'Not that! Not that!'

There is a surer way
To mark the frontier line

What marks the frontier line?

Thou man of Egypt tell!
Is it traced on Luxor's sand
Where Karnak's painted pillars stand,

MOUNT HELICON

Or where the river runs between
The Ethiop and Bishareen?

'Not that! Not that!

By neither stream nor well
We mark the frontier line.

'But be it east or west,
One common sign we bear;
The tongue may change, the soil, the sky,
But where your British brothers lie,
The lonely cairn, the nameless grave,
Still fringe the flowing Saxon wave,
'Tis that! 'Tis where
They lie—the men who placed it there—
That marks the frontier line'

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

Vitai Lampada

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

Thus is the word that, year by year,

While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,

And none that hears it dare forget

This they all with a joyful mind

Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—

‘Play up! play up! and play the game!’

He Fell among Thieves

‘Ye have robbed,’ said he, ‘ye have slaughtered and
made an end,

Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?’

‘Blood for our blood,’ they said

He laughed ‘If one may settle the score for five,

I am ready, but let the reckoning stand till day
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive’

You shall die at dawn,’ said they

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,

He climbed alone to the Eastward edge of the trees,
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope

He brooded, clasping his knees

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills

The ravine where the Yassim river sullenly flows,
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,

Or the far Afghan snows

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,

The wistaria trailing in at the window wide,
He heard his father’s voice from the terrace below

Calling him down to ride

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS

The Women of the West

THEY left the vine-wreathed cottage and the mansion
on the hill,

The houses in the busy streets where life is never still,
The pleasures of the city, and the friends they cherished
best

For love they faced the wilderness—the Women of the
West

The roar, and rush, and fever of the city died away,
And the old-time joys and faces—they were gone
for many a day,

In their place the lurching coach-wheel, or the creaking
bullock chains,

O'er the everlasting sameness of the never ending plains

In the slab built, zinc-roofed homestead of some lately
taken run,

In the tent beside the bankment of a railway just
begun,

In the huts on new selections, in the camps of man's
unrest,

On the frontiers of the Nation, live the Women of the
West

The red sun robs their beauty, and, in weariness and
pain,

The slow years steal the nameless grace that never
comes again,

And there are hours men cannot soothe, and words
men cannot say—

The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles
away

The wide bush holds the secret of their longing and
desires,
When the white stars in reverence light their holy
altar fires,
And silence, like the touch of God, sinks deep into the
breast—
Perchance He hears and understands the Women of
the West.

For them no trumpet sounds the call, no poet plies
his arts—
They only hear the beating of their gallant, loving
hearts.
But they have sung with silent lives the song all songs
above—
The holiness of sacrifice, the dignity of love
Well have we held our fathers' creed No call has
passed us by.
We faced and fought the wilderness, we sent our sons
to die.
And we have hearts to do and dare, and yet, o'er all
the rest,
The hearts that made the Nation were the Women
of the West.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Puck's Song

SEE you the ferny ride that steals
Into the oak-woods far?
O that was whence they hewed the keels
That rolled to Trafalgar.

And mark you where the ivy clings
 To Bayham's mouldering walls?
 O there we cast the stout railings
 That stand around St. Paul's

See you the dimpled track that runs
 All hollow through the wheat?
 O that was where they hauled the guns
 That smote King Philip's fleet

(Out of the Weald, the secret Weald,
 Men sent in ancient years,
 The horse-shoes red at Flodden Field,
 The arrows at Poitiers!)

See you our little mill that clacks,
 So busy by the brook?
 She has ground her corn and paid her tax
 Ever since Domesday Book

See you our stilly woods of oak,
 And the dread ditch beside?
 O that was where the Saxons broke
 On the day that Harold died

See you the windy levels spread
 About the gates of Rye?
 O that was where the Northmen fled,
 When Alfred's ships came by

See you our pastures wide and lone,
 Where the red oven browse?
 O there was a City thronged and known,
 Ere London boasted a house

And see you, after rain, the trace
 Of mound and ditch and wall?
 O that was a Legion's camping-place,
 When Caesar sailed from Gaul

And see you marks that show and fade,
 Like shadows on the Downs?
 O they are the lines the Flint Men made
 To guard their wondrous towns

Trackway and Camp and City lost,
 Salt Marsh where now is corn—
 Old Wars old Peace, old Arts that cease,
 And so was England born!

She is not any common Earth,
 Water or wood or air,
 But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,
 Where you and I will fare!

Recessional

June 22, 1897

God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far flung battle-line—
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart—
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far called our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord !

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made ,
 Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey
 bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
 dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the
 cricket sings ,

There midnights all a glummer, and noon a purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore,

While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,

I hear it in the deep heart's core.

HENRY LAWSON

The Wander-Light

Oh, my ways are strange ways and new ways and old ways,

*And deep ways and steep ways and high ways and low,
I'm at home and at ease on a track that I know not,
And restless and lost on a road that I know*

Then they heard the tent poles clatter,

And the fly in twain was torn—

'Twas the soiled rag of a tatter

Of the tent where I was born

Does it matter? Which is stranger—

Brick or stone or calico?—

There was One born in a manger

Nineteen hundred years ago

For my beds were camp beds and tramp beds and damp beds,

And my beds were dry beds on drought-stricken ground,

Hard beds and soft beds, and wide beds and narrow—

For my beds were strange beds the wide world round.

And the old hag seemed to ponder
 With her grey head nodding slow—
 ' He will dream, and he will wander
 Where but few would think to go.
 He will flee the haunts of tailors,
 He will cross the ocean wide,
 For his fathers they were sailors—
 All on his good father's side '

I rest not, 'tis best not, the world is a wide one—
 And, caged for a moment, I pace to and fro
 I see things and dree things and plan while I'm sleep-
 ing,
 I wander for ever and dream as I go

And the old hag she was troubled
 As she bent above the bed,
 ' He will dream things and he'll see things
 Come true when he is dead
 He will see things all too plainly,
 And his fellows will denide,
 For his mothers they were gypsies—
 All on his good mother's side '

And my dreams are strange dreams, are day dreams,
 are grey dreams,
 And my dreams are wild dreams, and old dreams and
 new,
 They haunt me and daunt me with fears of the morrow—
 My brothers they doubt me—but my dreams come
 true.

JOHN OXENHAM

From 'A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace'

For those first tiny, prayerful-folded hands
 That pierce the winter's crust, and softly bring
 Life out of death, the endless mystery,—
 For all the first sweet flushings of the Spring;
 The greening earth, the tender heavenly blue;
 The rich brown furrows gaping for the seed,
 For all Thy grace in bursting bud and leaf,—
 The bridal sweetness of the orchard trees,
 Rose-tender in their coming fruitfulness,
 The fragrant snow-drifts flung upon the breeze;
 The grace and glory of the fruitless flowers,
 Ambrosial beauty their reward and ours,
 For hedgerows sweet with hawthorn and wildrose
 For meadows spread with gold and gemmed with
 stars,

For every tint of every tiniest flower;
 For every daisy smiling to the sun,
 For every bird that builds in joyous hope;
 For every lamb that frisks beside its dam,
 For every leaf that rustles in the wind,
 For spiraling poplar, and for spreading oak,
 For queenly birch, and lofty swaying elm;
 For the great cedar's benedictory grace,
 For earth's ten thousand fragrant incenses,—
 Sweet altar gifts from leaf and fruit and flower;
 For every wondrous thing that greens and grows;
 For widespread cornlands,—billowing golden seas,
 For rippling stream, and white laced waterfall,
 For purpling mountains lakes like silver shields;
 For white piled clouds that float against the blue;
 For tender green of far off upland slopes,
 For fringing forests and far gleaming spires;

For those white peaks, serene and grand and still,
 For that deep sea—a shallow to Thy love,
 For round green hills, earth's full benignant breasts,
 For sun chased shadows flitting o'er the plain,
 For gleam and gloom, for all life's counterchange,
 For hope that quickens under darkening skies,
 For all we see, for all that underlies,—

We thank Thee, Lord!

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

Songs of Joy

SING out, my Soul, thy songs of joy,

Such as a happy bird will sing

Beneath the Rainbow's lovely arch

In early spring

Think not of Death in thy young days:

—Why shouldst thou that grim tyrant fear?

And fear him not when thou art old,

And he is near

Strive not for gold, for greedy fools

Measure themselves by poor men never,

Their standard, still being richer men,

Makes them poor ever

Train up thy mind to feel content

What matters then how low thy store?

What we enjoy, and not possess,

Makes rich or poor

Filled with sweet thought, then happy I

Take not my state from others' eyes,

What's in my mind—not on my flesh

Or theirs—I prize

Sing, happy Soul, thy songs of joy,
 Such as a Brook sings in the wood,
 That all night has been strengthened by
 Heaven's purer flood.

WALTER DE LA MARE

The Scarecrow

ALL winter through I bow my head
 Beneath the driving rain,
 The North Wind powders me with snow
 And blows me black again,
 At midnight under a maze of stars
 I flame with glittering rime,
 And stand, above the stubble, stiff
 As mail at morning-prime
 But when that child called Spring, and all
 His host of children, come,
 Scattering their buds and dew upon
 These acres of my home,
 Some rapture in my rags awakes;
 I lift void eyes and scan
 The skies for crows, those ravening foes
 Of my strange master, Man
 I watch him striding lank behind
 His clashing team, and know
 Soon will the wheat swish body high
 Where once lay sterile snow,
 Soon shall I gaze across a sea
 Of sunbegotten grain,
 Which my unflinching watch hath sealed
 For harvest once again.

JOHN McCRAE

In Flanders fields

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
 Between the crosses, row on row,
 That mark our place, and in the sky
 The larks, still bravely singing, fly
 Scarce heard amid the guns below

We are the Dead Short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders fields

Take up our quarrel with the foe :
 To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch, he yours to hold it high
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT

The Grey Mother

Lo, how they come to me,
 Long through the night I call them,—
 Ah, how they turn to me

East and South my children scatter,
 North and West the world they wander,

Yet they come back to me,
 Come, with their brave hearts beating,
 Longing to die for me,

Me, the grey, old, weary mother,
Throned amid the northern waters,

Where they have died for me,
Died with their songs around me,
Girding my shores for me

Narrow was my dwelling for them,
Homes they builded o'er the ocean,

Yet they leave all for me,
Hearing their mother calling,
Bringing their lives for me.

Up from South Seas swiftly sailing,
Out from under stars I know not,

Come they to fight for me,
Sons of the sons I nurtured;
God keep them safe for me!

Long ago their fathers saved me,
Died for me among the heather,

Now they come back to me,
Come, in their children's children--
Brave of the brave for me

In the wilds and waves they slumber,
Deep they slumber in the deserts,

Rise they from graves for me,
Graves where they lay forgotten,
Shades of the brave for me . . .

Yet my soul is veiled in sadness,
For I see them fall and perish,

Strewing the hills for me,
 Claiming the world in dying,
 Bought with their blood for me

Hear the grey, old, Northern mother,
 Blessing now her dying children,—

God keep you safe for me,
 Christ watch you in your sleeping
 Where ye have died for me

And when God's own slogan soundeth,
 All the dead world's dust awaking,

Ah, will ye look for me?
 Bravely we'll stand together—
 I and my sons with me

PERCEVAL GIBBON

The Veldt

CAST the window wider, sonny,
 Let me see the veldt,
 Rolling grandly to the sunset,
 Where the mountains melt,
 With the sharp horizon round it,
 Like a silver belt

Years and years I've trekked across it,
 Ridden back and fore,
 'Til the silence and the glamour
 Ruled me to the core
 No man ever knew it better,
 None could love it more

There's a balm for crippled spirits
 In the open view,
 Running from your very footsteps
 Out into the blue,
 Like a waggon-track to heaven,
 Straight 'twixt God and you.

There's a magic, soul-compelling,
 In the boundless space,
 And it grows upon you, sonny,
 Like a woman's face—
 Passionate and pale and tender,
 With a marble grace

There's the sum of all religion
 In its mightiness,
 Wingèd truths, beyond your doubting,
 Close about you press
 God is greater in the open—
 Little man is less

There's a voice pervades its stillness,
 Wonderful and clear,
 Tongues of prophets and of angels,
 Whispering far and near,
 Speak an everlasting gospel
 To the spirit's ear

There's a sense you gather, sonny,
 In the open air,
 Shift your burden ere it breaks you:
 God will take His share
 Keep your end up for your own sake;
 All the rest's His care

There's a spot I know of, sonny,
 Yonder by the stream,
 Bushes handy for the fire,
 Water for the team
 By the old home outspan, sonny,
 Let me lie and dream.

MARJORIE L C PICKTHALL

Swallow Song

O little hearts, beat home, beat home
 Here is no place to rest,
 Night darkens on the falling foam
 And on the fading west
 O little wings, beat home, beat home,
 Love may no longer roam

Oh, Love has touched the fields of wheat,
 And Love has crowned the corn,
 And we must follow Love's white feet
 Through all the ways of morn
 Through all the silver roads of air
 We pass and have no care

The silver roads of Love are wide,
 O winds that turn, O stars that guide
 Sweet are the ways that Love hath trod
 Through the clear skies that reach to God,
 But in the cliff grass Love builds deep
 A place where wandering wings may sleep.

PATRICK R CHALMERS

Roundabouts and Swings

It was early last September nigh to Framlin'am-on-Sea,
 An' 'twas Fair day come to morrow, an' the time was after tea,
 An' I met a painted caravan a-down a dusty lane,
 A Pharaoh with his waggons comin' jolt an' creak an' strain,
 A cheery cove an' sunburnt, bold o' eye and wrinkled up,
 An' beside 'im on the splashboard sat a brindled terrier pup,
 An' a lurcher wise as Solomon an' lean as fiddle strings
 Was joggin' in the dust along 'is roundabouts and swings.

'Goo'-day,' said 'e, 'Goo'-day,' said I, 'an' 'ow d you find things go,
 An' what's the chance o' millions when you runs a travellin' show ?'
 'I find,' said 'e, 'things very much as 'ow I've always found,
 For mostly they goes up and down or else goes round and round'
 Said 'e, 'The job's the very spit o' what it always were,
 It's bread and bacon mostly when the dog don't catch a 'are,
 But lookin' at it broad, an' while it ain't no merchant king s,
 What's lost upon the roundabouts we pulls up on the swings !'

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June
 All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
 Like a flight of rose leaves fluttering in a mist
 Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
 With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold ·
 For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting
 spray

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
 Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs
 Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
 And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes

Hark ! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep !
 Marian is waiting is Robin Hood asleep ?
 Round the fairy grass rings frolic elf and fay,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
 Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
 Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
 And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
 With quarter staff and drinking can and grey goose
 feather

The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled
 away

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows
 All the heart of England hid in every rose
 Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
 Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Proudly here, with a loftier pinnacled splendour,
 Throned in his northern Athens, what spells remain
 Still on the marble lips of the Wizard, and render
 Silent the gazer on glory without a stain !
 Here and here, do we whisper, with hearts more
 tender,

Tusitala wandered thro' mist and rain,
 Rainbow-eyed and frail and gallant and slender,
 Dreaming of pirate isles in a jewelled main.

Up the Canongate climbeth, cleft asunder
 Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant sea
 Flashed through a crumbling alley, a glimpse of
 wonder
 Nay, for the City is throned on Eternity !
 Hark ! from the soaring castle a cannon's thunder
 Closeth an hour for the world and an æon for me,
 Gazing at last from the martial heights whereunder
 Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Cargoes

QUINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant Ophir
 Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
 With a cargo of ivory,
 And apes and peacocks,
 Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus
 Dipping through the Tropics by the palm green shores,
 With a cargo of diamonds,
 Emeralds, amethysts,
 Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores

RUPERT BROOKE

The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
 A body of England's, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
 given ;

Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;
 And laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven

JOHN DRINKWATER

A Prayer

LORD, not for light in darkness do we pray,
 Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
 Nor that the slow ascension of our day
 Be otherwise

Not for a clearer vision of the things

Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
 Not for the remission of the peril and stings
 Of time and fate

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end

Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
 Nor that the little healing that we lend
 Shall be repaid

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON AUTHORS

Arnold, Matthew, 1822-1888. Son of the famous schoolmaster Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Educated at Winchester, Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford. Private Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, and afterwards an Inspector of Schools. For ten years Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Travelled on the Continent to report upon Education in France, Holland and Germany. Wrote several volumes of literary criticism in excellent prose. Among his best known poems are *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Balder Dead*, *The Forsaken Merman*, *Morality*, *The Scholar Gipsy*, *Rugby Chapel* and several *Sonnets*.

Beeching, Henry Charles, 1859-1919. Educated at the City of London School and Balliol College, Oxford. Became Canon of Westminster, and later Dean of Norwich. Published much literary work both in prose and in verse, including *Seven Sermons to Schoolboys In a Garden* and other Poems, and Two Lectures on Poetry, and edited various editions of the poets.

Blake, William, 1757-1827. Son of a London tradesman. Became an engraver and printer, and wrote poems which he printed and illustrated himself. Chiefly remembered for his *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*.

Bridges, Robert, 1844-1930. Educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Studied medicine after leaving Oxford. Became Poet Laureate in 1913. Published several volumes of poems and a number of plays. His last and greatest poem, *The Testament of Beauty*, was published on his eighty fifth birthday.

Brooke, Rupert, 1887-1915. Educated at Rugby and King's College, Cambridge. Joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve at the outbreak of the Great War. Served at Antwerp. Died of fever on his way to the Dardanelles and was buried at Scyros.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 1806-1861. Born in Herefordshire. Published, when nineteen, *An Essay on Mind* and other poems and later a translation of the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus. Married the poet Robert Browning and lived in Italy till her death. After her marriage she published several poems including *Casa Guidi Windows* and her chief work *Aurora Leigh*, a novel in verse, and *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, which in spite of their title are her own original poems.

Browning, Robert, 1812-1889. Published *Paracelsus* at the age of twenty three and not long afterwards *Sordello*. Married Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, and made his home in Florence till the death of his wife in 1861. Among his longer poems are *The Ring and the Book* and *Asolando*, the latter published on the day of his death. Is best known by his shorter poems, which include besides several included in this volume, *A Grammarian's Funeral*, *The Lost Leader*, and *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. Was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Bryant, William Cullen, 1794-1878. Born in Massachusetts, U.S.A. Published his first poem at the age of thirteen. Studied law and later took up journalism, and travelled in Europe and the West Indies. His *Thanatopsis*, published in 1817, surpassed anything previously written by an American.

Burns, Robert, 1759-1796. Son of an Ayrshire farmer, worked on his father's farm. Determined to emigrate to the West Indies at the age of twenty seven, but changed his mind when his first volume of poems proved a great success. Lived for some time in Edinburgh, then took to farming, and later held a post in the excise. Among his many poems some of the best known are *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *Hallowe'en*, *To a Mountain Daisy*, *Ye Banks and Braes*, etc.

Byron, Lord (George Noel Gordon), 1788-1824. Born in London. At the age of ten became Lord Byron by the death of his grand uncle. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. Travelled a great deal on the Continent. Lived for some time in Switzerland, and afterwards in Italy. In 1823 sailed for Greece to fight for the Greeks in their War of Independence. Seized with fever and died at Missolonghi. Was buried at Hucknall near Newstead. Among his chief works were *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and several dramas and tales in verse including *Manfred*, *Cain*, *The Bride of Abydos* and *The Corsair*. Of his shorter poems some of the best known are *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Napoleon's Farewell* and *The Destruction of Sennacherib*.

Campbell, Thomas, 1777-1844. Born in Glasgow, and educated in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Travelled on the Continent, and then settled in London. Engaged in literary work and became editor of the *New Monthly*. Died at Boulogne, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Among his longer poems are *The Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming* and *Theodoric*, but he is better known by his shorter poems including, besides those in this volume, *Lord Ullan's Daughter*.

Campion, Thomas, died 1619. A popular London physician of Queen Elizabeth's time, and a poet and musician. He wrote some very beautiful verse, a book of *Observations on English Poetrie* and some *Books of Ayres*, or madrigals, many of which are sung to day.

Chalmers, Patrick R. Born 1872, and educated at Rugby. His publications include *A Pack o' Mairi* and *Green Days and Blue Days*, two volumes of verse.

Clough, Arthur Hugh, 1819-1861. Born at Liverpool, the son of a cotton merchant his early life was spent in South Carolina where his father emigrated. Educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford. Travelled much on the Continent, and was a friend of Emerson and Carlyle. Died at Florence. Is best known by his shorter poems, of which several are included in this volume.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 1772-1834. Son of the Vicar at Ottery St Mary, Devonshire. Educated at Christ's Hospital and Jesus College, Cambridge. Became a friend of Southey with whose Republican ideas he sympathized and engaged in various literary pursuits. Met Wordsworth and in 1798 published with him *Lyrical Ballads* which contained his *Ancient Mariner*. Visited Germany, lived for some time at Keswick, and later settled in London, where he lectured on Shakespeare. Was later addicted to taking opium, which impaired his faculties and wrecked his life. Wrote *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, translations from Schiller, and many other poems, besides several works in prose.

Collins, William, 1721-1759. Born at Chichester. Educated at Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford. His fame rests chiefly upon his *Odes*, but none of his work was appreciated till after his death.

Cory, William (Johnson), 1823-1892. Educated at Eton and King's College Cambridge. Was a master at Eton. Changed his name from Johnson to Cory. Published *Ionica* and other volumes of poems.

Cowper, William, 1731-1800. Son of a clergyman of Great Berkhamsted. Educated at Westminster School, and then articled to the law. Suffered from fits of nervous melancholy and was for a time in a lunatic asylum. Assisted the Rev. John Newton Curate of Olney, Bucks in the composition of the *Olney Hymns*. Wrote *The Task*, *Table Talk* and a number of shorter poems, of which *Boadicea*, *The Diverging History of John Gilpin*, *Epitaph on a Hare*, *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture*, are among the best known.

Crabbe, George, 1754-1832. Born at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, son of a "salt master" and warehouse keeper. Apprenticed for a time to a surgeon, and then went to London to try his fortune in literature. Secured the patronage of Burke from which time his success was assured. Was ordained in 1781, and held many livings during the rest of his life. His works include *The Village*, *The Parish Register*, *Tales and Tales of the Half-Holiday*. The present extract is one which was particularly admired by Tennyson.

Crashaw, Richard, 1613 (?)-1649. Son of a Puritan poet and clergyman. Educated at Charterhouse and Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Became a Roman Catholic and went to France and Italy, where he died. His *Steps to the Temple* was published in 1645.

Cuthbertson, J. L., 1851-1910. An Australian poet educated at Geelong Grammar School. The poem first appeared in *The Geelong Grammar School Quarterly*.

Davies, William Henry. Born 1870, at Newport Monmouthshire
 Has spent much time tramping in England and America making
 the journeys by sea on cattle boats Became a poet at the age of
 thirty four His volumes of poems include *Nature Poems*, *Songs of
 Joy*, *The Song of Life* and his prose works *The Autobiography of a
 Super Tramp*, *A Poet's Pilgrimage*, etc

De la Mare, Walter. Born 1873. Author of many works in poetry and
 prose, including *Songs of Childhood*, *The Listeners and Other Poems*,
Peacock Pie, etc

Dobell, Sydney Thompson, 1824-1974. Born at Cranbrook, Kent, son
 of a wine merchant Spent all his life in Gloucestershire, and
 suffered from ill health His chief works are *The Roman*, a
 dramatic poem, *Balder*, and *Sonnets on the (Crimean) War*

Dobson, Henry Austin, 1840-1921 Born at Plymouth Educated at
 Beaumaris Grammar School and at Strasburg Entered the Board
 of Trade in 1856, and rose to be its Principal Published several
 volumes of poems biographies of Fielding, Goldsmith, Walpole,
 Hogarth, etc, and contributed many articles to magazines and
 reviews

Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan. Born 1859, at Edinburgh of a celebrated
 artistic family Educated at Stonyhurst and Edinburgh University
 Entered the medical profession travelled in the Arctic
 regions and in West Africa, and became famous as the creator of
Sherlock Holmes Has written many popular novels including
The Sign of Four, *The White Company*, *The Refugees*, and *The
 Exploits of Brigadier Gerard* The author of several plays and a
 volume of poems entitled *Songs of Action* Wrote an authoritative
 account of *The Great Boer War* translated into twelve foreign
 languages, and a *History of the British Campaign in France and
 Flanders in the Great War*

Doyle, Sir Francis Hastings, 1810-1888 Born at Nunappleton, near
 Tadcaster Yorks Educated at Eton and Christ Church Oxford,
 Practised as a barrister Elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford
 1867 His well known poems include *Balaclava* and the two
 contained in this volume

Drayton, Michael, 1563-1631 Born at Hartshill Warwickshire
 Wrote hymns and sacred songs *The Shepherd's Garland* *The Barons' Wars*, and *Polymnia*, the last named a poetical description of
 England in nearly 16 000 lines with maps and notes on antiquities
 Was buried in Westminster Abbey

Drinkwater, John Born 1882. Educated at Oxford High School
 Besides his poems and numerous contributions to magazines and
 reviews, has written many plays, of which *Abraham Lincoln*, *Mary
 Stuart* and *Cromwell* have struck an original note

Dryden, John, 1631-1700. Born at Aldwincle Northamptonshire
 Educated at Westminster School and Trinity College Cambridge
 Lived mostly at Cambridge and in London Poet Laureate
 1670-1689 Wrote many plays but is most famous for his political

satires such as *Abbas and Achsophel*, his *Fables*, *Ancient and Modern* and his translations of Virgil and Juvenal

Dyer, Sir Edward, *circa* 1550-1607. Born at Sharpham Park, Somerset Ambassador to Denmark during part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and a friend of Sir Philip Sidney. His best poem is that included in this volume

Fitzgerald, Edward, 1809-1883. Born and lived all his life in Suffolk. Educated at Bury St Edmunds and Trinity College, Cambridge. A friend of Carlyle, Thackeray and Tennyson. Famous for his translation of *Omar Khayyám*, the Persian astronomer poet of the eleventh century

Gibbon, Perceval, 1879-1926. Born at Trelech, Carmarthenshire. Entered the merchant service, and travelled as journalist and war correspondent in Europe, America and Africa. Published novels and stories, and *African Items*, a book of poems

Goldsmith, Oliver, 1728-1774. Son of an Irish clergyman. Educated at home and at Trinity College Dublin. Studied medicine at Edinburgh and Leyden. Travelled on foot on the Continent. Returned to London and took up literary work. Lived for a time in great poverty. Wrote essays, published collectively under the title of *The Citizen of the World*, a novel *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a number of poems including *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, and the two plays, *The Good-natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*

Gordon, Adam Lindsay, 1833-1870. Born at Fayal in the Azores. Educated at Cheltenham and Woolwich. Went to Australia at the age of twenty. Joined the Australian Mounted Police, and became a famous steeplechaser. Committed suicide. His three volumes of verse contain some spirited ballads of horsemanship and the turf

Gray, Thomas, 1716-1771. Born in London. Educated at Eton and Cambridge. Friend of Horace Walpole, with whom he travelled in France and Italy. Refused the poet laureateship 1757. Became Professor of History at Cambridge. Remembered chiefly for his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* and *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* and *The Bard*

Hardy, Thomas, 1840-1928. Trained as an architect. Intended to become an art critic, but the publication of *Desperate Remedies* in 1871 shaped his destiny otherwise. Although famous chiefly as a novelist he is almost equally great as a poet. One of his most famous works is the epic-drama, *The Dynasts*

Harte, Francis Bret, 1839-1902. Born in Albany, N.Y., but went to California in 1854. Here his varied career as miner, teacher and journalist gave him material for his famous stories and poems. Founded *The Overland Monthly*. In 1880 came to Glasgow as U.S. Consul and five years later went to London, where he remained until his death

Henley, William Ernest, 1849-1903. Born at Gloucester. Collaborated with R. L. Stevenson in several plays. Edited *The Magazine of Art* and other journals. His best known poems are contained in *Human Rhythms* and *London Voluntaries*

Herbert, George, 1593-1633 Educated at Westminster and Cambridge
 Orator for the University 1619 Frequenting the Court of James I
 but his friendship with Nicholas Ferrar drew him towards religion
 Took Orders and became Vicar of Bemerton near Salisbury *The Temple* contains some of the purest sacred poems in the English language

Herrick, Robert, 1591-1674 Son of a London silversmith Educated at Cambridge and became a clergyman with a living in Devonshire
 Went to London in 1648 on being ejected from his benefice and published *Hesperides* a book of short poems many of them of great beauty

Hogg, James, 1770-1835. A Scottish shepherd born at Ettrick Hall
 Had very little education His first volume *Scottish Pastorals Poems and Songs* made him known to Sir Walter Scott Lived in Edinburgh in his later years and published other volumes of verse
 Known in literature as the 'Ettrick Shepherd'

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 1809-1894 Born at Cambridge Mass
 Studied law then medicine and in 1847 became Professor of Anatomy at Harvard In 1857 became a contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly* in which appeared the famous *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* embodying some of his best known poems Also published several volumes of verse

Hood, Thomas, 1799-1845 Born in London Apprenticed to an engraver but early took to literature and became sub editor of *The London Magazine* Famous chiefly for single striking poems, such as *The Dream of Eugene Aram* *The Song of the Shirt* etc

Howe, Julia Ward, 1819-1910. Born in New York Eager advocate of the abolition of slavery *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* was sung by the armies during the Civil War, and by the American soldiers in France 1916-1918

Hunt, James Henry Leigh, 1784-1859 Born at Southgate Educated at Christ's Hospital Became a lawyer's clerk Brought out *The Examiner*, a paper of pronounced radical views in which he labelled the Prince Regent Imprisoned for two years Continued the writing of his paper in prison and received his friends Shelley, Byron and Keats On his release published his poem *The Story of Rimini* Many other writings followed but he owes his reputation chiefly to his skill as an essayist

Jonson, Ben, 1573-1637 Poet and dramatist Educated at Westminster and was successively a bricklayer's apprentice, a soldier an actor and a dramatist Excelled in the writing of Court Masques Among his plays are *Volpone* *Every Man in his Humour* *The Silent Woman* and *The Alchemist* He may be said to have founded a new style in English comedy

Keats, John, 1795-1821 Son of an inn servant born in London, apprenticed to a surgeon but making the acquaintance of Shelley and Leigh Hunt turned to literature Published *Endymion* in 1818, and two years later *Lamia, Isabella and Other Poems*, contain

ing perhaps the finest of his work Ill health drove him to Italy, and he died in Rome in 1821

Kendall, Henry Clarence, 1841-1882 Poet of the Australian Bush Was for a time in the New South Wales public service His chief volumes of verse are *Leaves from an Australian Forest* and *Songs from the Mountains*

Kingsley, Charles, 1819-1875. Born near Dartmoor, the son of a clergyman Educated at King's College, London, and Cambridge Intended for the law, but took Orders and eventually became rector of Eversley Interested himself in politics and social reform His novels include *Westward Ho!* *Hypatia* and *Hereward the Wake* Wrote also stories for children, e.g., *The Water Babies*, and many short poems, notably, *The Sands of Dee*, *The Three Fishers*, etc

Kipling, Rudyard Born 1865, at Bombay Educated at the United Service College, Westward Ho Became assistant editor in India of *Civil and Military Gazette* and *Pioneer* Travelled largely His chief prose works are *Plain Tales from the Hills* *Soldiers Three*, *The Light that Failed*, the two *Jungle Books*, *Kim* and *Puck of Pook's Hill* His verse includes the famous soldier songs *Barrack Room Ballads*, *Departmental Ditties*, *The Seven Seas* and *Fringes of the Fleet*

Lang, Andrew, 1844-1912 Poet and critic Educated at Edinburgh Academy and St Andrews University Published several volumes of verse and works on history religion and folk-lore Edited the *Blue, Green* and other *Fairy Books*

Lawson, Henry Hertzberg. Born 1867, near Grenfell N S W Went to London in 1900 but returned to Sydney three years later Has published many volumes in prose and verse which give admirable descriptions of various phases of Australian life

Logan, John, 1748-1788. Son of a Midlothian farmer Educated at Edinburgh University and took Orders Published *Sermons*, *Historical Lectures*, *Poems and Hymns*, and a drama called *Ruhamhaed* His *Ode to a Cuckoo* has been called 'the most beautiful lycme in our language'

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 1807-1882 Born at Portland, Maine, the son of a lawyer Became Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard His literary activity was great, and among his longer poems are *The Spanish Student*, *Evangelina*, *Hiawatha* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* but he is probably known best for some of his short poems such as *The Psalm of Life*, *Excelsior*, etc

Lowell, James Russell, 1819-1891 Born at Cambridge, Mass., and educated at Harvard Began life as a lawyer but soon devoted himself entirely to literature Probably the greatest critical essayist America has produced *Among my Books* appeared in two series, in 1870 and 1876 He had considerable poetic power also, as witnessed by *The Biglow Papers*, *A Fable for Critics* and *The Vision of Sir Launfal*

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord, 1800-1859. Born at Rothley Temple Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge and was called to the Bar Entered Parliament and held several posts under Government Possessed of an immense historical knowledge, he published his *History of England* and numerous *Essays Lays of Ancient Rome* was published in 1842

MacRae, John. A Canadian By profession a doctor in Montreal and lecturer at the University Served in the Boer War and in the Great War, and died of wounds at Boulogne early in 1918

Mangan, James Clarence, 1803-1849. Born at Dublin, the son of a small grocer Became a lawyer's clerk and contributed poems to various Irish newspapers

Marlowe, Christopher, 1564-1593. Born at Canterbury, the son of a shoemaker Educated at King's School, Canterbury and at Benet's (Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge His first play was *Tamburlaine* followed about 1588 by *Faustus*, but it was not until *Edward II* that Marlowe rose to the height of his power Said to have collaborated with Shakespeare in *Henry VI* and possibly in *Titus Andronicus*, wrote also some short poems of which *Come Live With Me and be My Love* is the best known Killed in a tavern brawl at Deptford

Marvell, Andrew, 1621-1678. Born at Winstead, Yorkshire, the son of a clergyman Educated at Cambridge Became Latin Secretary to Milton in 1657 Was known in his own day as a keen political writer, but his fame now rests on his poems

Masefield, John. Poet, playwright and novelist Ran away to sea in his youth where his experiences are reflected in much of his work His poems include *Salt Water Ballads*, *The Everlasting Mercy*, *The Daffodil Fields* *Reynard the Fox* and *Right Royal* and among his finest plays are the tragedies of *Nan* and *Pompey the Great*

Meredith, George, 1828-1909. Born at Portsmouth Educated in Germany Articled to the law, but soon deserted it for literature One of the great novelists of modern times His best work is generally held to be *Diana of the Crossways* Published in addition several books of poems including *Poems of the English Roadside* and *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*

Meynell, Alice Died 1932. Educated by her father the late T. J. Thompson, and spent much of her early life in Italy Published many charming volumes of poems and essays

Milton, John, 1608-1674. Born in London the son of a scrivener Educated at St Paul's and Christ's College Cambridge Became Latin Secretary to the Council of State under Cromwell and wrote numerous political pamphlets His first poem *On the Death of a Fair Infant* appeared as early as 1626 His earlier poems include *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso* and *Lycidas* Later in life came his great works *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* dictated to his daughters after he had become blind.

Moore, Thomas, 1779-1852 Born in Dublin and educated at the University there Came to London and in 1800 published *Anacreon* Seven years later *Irish Melodies* brought him to the zenith of his reputation Others of his well known poems are *Lalla Rookh* and *Odes and Epistles*

Morris, William, 1834-1896 Son of a London merchant Educated at Marlborough and Oxford Articled to an architect but soon became absorbed in the designing and making of artistic wallpapers, printing etc in conjunction with Rossetti and Burne Jones Among his poems are *The Life and Death of Jason* *The Earthly Paradise* and *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung* Was a social reformer and gave Socialist lectures

Newbolt, Sir Henry John Born in 1862, at Birston Educated at Clifton College and Corpus Christi Oxford Called to the Bar in 1887 and became editor of the *Monthly Review* His chief works are *Mordred* a Tragedy *Admirals All* *The Island Race* *Songs of the Sea* *Songs of the Fleet* etc

Noyes, Alfred Born 1880 Educated at Exeter College Oxford Has contributed numerous poems and papers on literary criticism to the *Spectator* *Blackwood* *Cornhill* etc and has published numerous volumes of verse chief among which are *Drake an English Epic* and *The Torchbearers*

Oxenham, John Educated in Manchester Went into business but eventually deserted it for literature Has published many novels and numerous volumes of verse

Poe, Edgar Allan, 1809-1849 Born in Boston Mass the son of an actor Left an orphan he was adopted by a Virginian gentleman who later sent him to the University Took to literature as a profession Became editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in which appeared many of his best stories His famous poem *The Raven* came out in 1845

Pope, Alexander, 1688-1744 Son of a London linen draper Educated chiefly at home Said to have written the *Ode on Solitude* at the age of twelve His *Pastorals* were published in 1709 and three years later *The Rape of the Lock* placed him in the first rank Others of his works are *Essay on Criticism* *The Messiah* *Dunciad* *Essay on Man* and translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssy*

Ralegh, Sir Walter, 1552?-1618 Born in Devonshire and educated at Oxford Served as a volunteer in the Low Countries In 1578 set out on his first voyage of discovery Attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth and advanced rapidly in favour Became famous as a naval commander against Spain Imprisoned in the Tower for conspiracy by James I he wrote his *History of the World* a fine specimen of Elizabethan prose Beheaded on Tower Hill in 1618

Reeves William Pember Born 1857, at Canterbury NZ Educated in New Zealand and called to the Bar but turned to journalism High Commissioner for New Zealand 1905-1909 Has published various volumes historical political and poetical

Rodd, Sir James Rennell. Born 1853 Educated at Haileybury and Balliol College, Oxford Served in the Diplomatic Service and was Ambassador to Italy 1908-1919 Has published various historical works, and several volumes of verse

Rossetti, Christina Georgina, 1830-1894. Sister of D G Rossetti Born in London Began to write poems as a girl, some of which were published in the *Germ*, the Pre-Raphaelite magazine of which her brother was one of the founders Among her best known works are *Goblin Market*, *The Prince's Progress* and *A Pageant and other Poems*

Scott, Sir Walter, 1771-1832. Born at Edinburgh and educated at its High School and University Called to the Bar His great historical knowledge, supplemented by the tales and songs of the Borderland, gave him innumerable material for his novels and poems His *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* appeared in 1802, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* added to his reputation. *Waverley* had begun the wonderful series of historical novels in 1805, to be followed by *Guy Mannering*, *Old Mortality*, *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *The Talisman*, and many others His success was immense, but becoming involved in the bankruptcy of an Edinburgh publisher in 1826, he literally worked himself to death in an attempt to wipe out his debts

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616. Born at Stratford on Avon Educated at the local Grammar School Went to London in his early twenties and became an actor, then a playwright and finally part owner of the Globe Theatre His first published piece was a poem *Venus and Adonis*, but between 1591 and 1612 he wrote no fewer than thirty-seven plays and over a hundred Sonnets In 1613 he retired to Stratford on Avon, but did not live long to enjoy his prosperity His plays are too well known to need enumeration

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 1792-1822 Born near Horsham Educated at Eton and Oxford Travelled a great deal and was a friend of Byron and Keats Went to Italy in 1818 Drowned at sea near Leghorn Among his chief poetic works are *Queen Mab*, *Prometheus Unbound* and *The Cenci* *Adonais* is a beautiful poem lamenting the death of Keats Of his shorter poems the best known are *To a Skylark* and *The Cloud*

Shirley, James, 1596-1666. "The last of the Elizabethan dramatists" Born in London Educated at both Oxford and Cambridge Fought as a Royalist in the Civil War Wrote numerous plays, none of considerable merit, and many poems

Southey, Robert, 1774-1843 Born at Bristol, educated at Westminster and Oxford One of the "Lake Poets," the other two being Wordsworth and Coleridge Southey wrote an immense quantity of both prose and verse Of the former his *Life of Nelson* is by far the best known, and has been called "the best short biography in the English language" His verse is remembered chiefly by such pieces as *The Inchcape Rock* and *The Battle of Blenheim*

Spenser, Edmund, 1552-1599. Born in London. Educated at Merchant Taylors and Cambridge. In 1578 became known to Leicester and Sidney, the latter of whom became his patron. *The Shepherd's Calendar* appeared in 1579. Lived in Ireland for some years and here wrote *The Faerie Queene*, on which his fame mainly rests. His richness of imagination and melodious beauty of expression have won him the title of "The poets' poet."

Stevenson, Robert Louis, 1850-1894. Born at Edinburgh. Educated at various schools and the University. Called to the Bar in 1875, but never practised, and devoted himself entirely to literature. Travelled in search of health, finally settling down in Samoa. His literary output was great, both as a novelist and an essayist, and he wrote also the delightful *Child's Garden of Verses*.

Suckling, Sir John, 1609-1642. Born at Whitton, educated at Cambridge. Became a favourite at Court, popular for his wit. Incurred the displeasure of the King and fled to the Continent. Said to have committed suicide at Paris. He produced four plays, but it is for his ballads and songs, many of which have a delightful grace of expression, that he is now remembered.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 1837-1909. Born in London and educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. Friend of Landor, Rossetti and Meredith. The appearance of *Atalanta in Calydon* in 1865 put him at once into the first rank of poets. From that time he published an immense number of poems, critical essays, etc., chief among them being *Songs before Sunrise*, *Mary Stuart*, *Erechtheus* and *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards*. He possessed a wonderful feeling for the beauty of words and excelled as a master of rhythm.

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 1809-1892. Born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, the son of a clergyman. Educated at Louth Grammar School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he met Monckton Milnes, Alford and Arthur Hallam. In 1830 he published his *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, which included *The Lady of Shalott* and *The May Queen*. This was followed by several other volumes which have made him famous. Became Poet Laureate on the death of Wordsworth. Created Baron Tennyson in 1883. Died at Aldworth, near Haslemere, Surrey, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Among his longer poems are *Idylls of the King*, *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *Enoch Arden* and the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*. Some of his best known shorter poems are *Sir Galahad*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *The Revenge* and *The Defence of Lucknow*.

Thompson, Francis, 1859-1907. Educated at Ushaw College, and Owens College, Manchester. Published his first book of poems in 1893, *Sister Songs* followed two years later, and *New Poems* in 1897. *The Hound of Heaven* is perhaps the poem by which he is best known.

Watson, Sir William. Born 1858 Of an old Yorkshire family, father a Liverpool merchant His first publication was *The Prince's Quest* in 1880, and from that time onward his contribution to literature has been considerable Received knighthood in 1917

Watt, Lauchlan MacLean. Scottish minister Educated at Edinburgh University Chaplain to the Forces in France and Flanders, 1916-1917 Has published many volumes—religious, poetical, historical, etc

Whitman, Walt, 1819-1892. Born at Huntington Long Island N.Y. Started life in a printing office at the age of thirteen, and, passing from one employment to another, became in 1846, editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, until in 1855 appeared his great work, *Leaves of Grass* During the Civil War he acted as nurse in the Federal Army, an experience which found expression in *Drum Taps*, *The Wound Dresser* and *Specimen Days* His last years were spent in retirement in New Jersey *O Captain, my Captain* was composed on the death of Lincoln

Whittier, John Greenleaf, 1807-1892. Born in Haverhill, Mass., of a Quaker family Began to write verses at a very early age, and later took to journalism Was an active Abolitionist His chief poems, which show strongly the influence of Burns are *Snow Bound*, *Ballads of New England* and *Barbara Frietchie*

Wolfe, Charles, 1791-1823. An Irish clergyman He is remembered for one poem only—*The Burial of Sir John Moore*, which was first published anonymously in 1817.

Woods, Margaret Louisa. Born 1856 Daughter of Dean Bradley Published her first volume *A Village Tragedy* in 1887, and has since become well known as a writer of verse

Wordsworth, William, 1770-1850 Born at Cockermouth Educated at Penrith and Cambridge Travelled abroad and was much influenced by the French Revolution Became intimate with Coleridge and Southey and finally settled down in the Lake District, devoting himself entirely to poetry He succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate in 1843 He is essentially the poet of nature and is at his best in single short poems such as *Daffodils* and *The Rainbow*, and in his many beautiful *Sonnets*

Wotton, Sir Henry, 1568-1639 Born near Maidstone, the son of a Kentish gentleman Educated at Winchester and Oxford Entered the Middle Temple Held various diplomatic appointments Wrote a considerable amount of prose, but it is for his verse that he is remembered, notably *The Happy Life* and *Ye Meaneer Beauties of the Night*

Yeats, William Butler. Born 1865, in Dublin, educated Godolphin School Hammersmith First turned his mind to art but deserted it for literature Published *The Wanderings of Oisin* (1889) *Celtic Twilight* (1893) *Book of Irish Verse* (1895) He also edited the *Works of Blake* and has written several plays

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